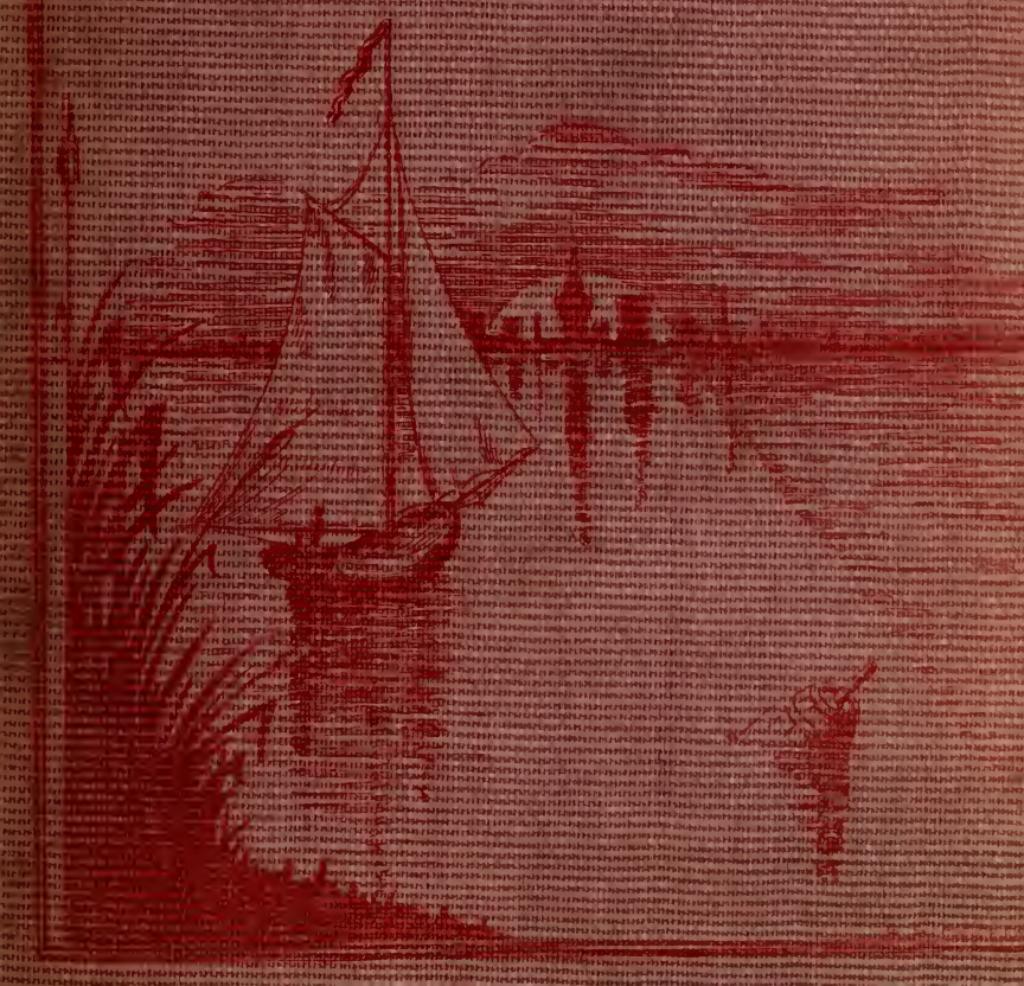




SONGS AND ROMANCES.



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SOUVENIR EDITION

**SONGS AND
ROMANCES
OF BUFFALO**

BY

JOHN CHARLES SHEA

II

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS



BUFFALO NEW YORK
CHARLES WELLS MOULTON PUBLISHER
1900

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*At Learning's Fountain it is sweet to drink,
But 'tis a nobler privilege to think;
And oft, from books apart, the thirsting mind
May make the nectar which it cannot find.*

—J. G. Saxe: The Library.

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DEDICATORY.

IN sending forth this little volume to court the favor of the public, I desire to acknowledge a long accumulating debt of gratitude which I owe to Mr. Edward H. Butler, editor and proprietor of the "Evening News" for his frequent promptings to effort in productions of the pen and his kindly interest in my cherished Muse. To Mr. Butler, therefore, I gratefully dedicate "The Songs and Romances of Buffalo."

A lover of literature himself, he imparts the fruits of extensive reading and thoughtful study to those around him, and many owe to him that encouragement which has often proved a foundation of success. He is devoted to Buffalo and its varied interests; he never allows an opportunity to pass without saying something in its praise.

The public spirit of the business men of Buffalo and its citizens has become better known since the Pan-American Exposition was conceived and plans matured for its creation. It will be the greatest effort of the

kind made in this country up to the present time. The generosity of the city's social circles, the excellent work of its charity organizations and the beauty of the city and its environments of lake and river are known wherever the name of Buffalo is spoken.

Having caught something of this spirit of admiration and progress, I have been tempted to turn from the more active duties of life and find restful pleasure in preparing a Souvenir expressive of the delight I have felt in the scenes depicted and the romances told.

J. C. S.





"QUEEN OF THE LAKES."

SONGS AND ROMANCES.

“QUEEN OF THE LAKES.”

UEEN OF THE LAKES! Thy throne
is fixed where Lake and River
meet;
Where trade and commerce proudly
lay their treasures at your feet;
Where grand and giant forces move industrial
treasures so
That workers see with gratitude trade's still
increasing flow.
And Erie, smiling peacefully, or frowning, as
she may,
Brings here the commerce of the West from
harbors far away!
In majesty the Lake Queen now sits proudly
on her throne
And wields a scepter, loyally, on forces all her
own!

In all that makes a city great Queen of the
Lakes is grand—
Resourceful and unique she is, with spirit to
command.
She knows that to protect herself, her toilers
must be free,
“Home work, home men”—the motto “is just
good enough for me,”
And, looking o’er the labor field, her iron
works and ail,
She proudly says: “Achievements grand are
now within my call,
For when it comes to engines, with a pressure
none can shake,
There are few can make an engine like the
workmen here can make!”
Though rival cities fret and foam, and bluster,
scold and pout
The New York Tribune says they can’t “exas-
perate a shout.”
For Buffalo ranks fifth among the cities mari-
time—
Which sounds resplendent—when it makes the
rhythm of a rhyme!
The Queenly City points with pride to prospects
bright and fair
And bids conventions national her home and
houses to share,

For as her fame for beauty of park and river
blends,
She'll show how far—how wide and far—a
welcome here extends.

Then there's the asphalt pavements—the jolly
pave for bikes—
The sources of amusement which every wheel-
man likes;
And mounted on their cycles the world seems
left behind,
For the wheelman rides upon the air—his tire
imprisons wind,
And, oh, the girls of Buffalo, in knickerbocker
suits,
Or skirts that seem to tantalize the beauty of
their boots,
And bloomers, too, for I maintain and stoutly
here declare
A Buffalo girl in any dress looks lovely any-
where!



OLD TIMES IN BUFFALO.

OME years ago when business cares were
lighter far than now,
And social duties, joyous rounds, kept
furrows from the brow;
When neighbors greeted neighbors with a kind
and cheery word,
The “Circle” was a suburb where all country
sounds were heard—
Oh, the scenes of long ago; oh, that time of
pure delight!—
The Buffalo boys were merry and the girls
came out at night!

There were no dark-eyed people then from
sunny climes afar;
The sounds of wheezy organs did not on the
feelings jar;
There were no cars, no crowding, nor holding
on to straps,
And business men, not hurried then, took after
dinner naps.
And, oh, the balls, the parties, the drives by
pale moonlight,

When Buffalo boys were merry and the girls
came out at night.

Yes, these were times when generous thoughts
in generous hearts held sway,
And unaffected graces were the coinage of the
day;
The people were not strangers then, a common
purpose ruled—
In right and fair humanity were men and
women schooled,
And so their joys were honest joys, a well-
spring of delight,
When Buffalo boys were merry and the girls
came out at night.

But all things change. And so we find a city
great and grand
With many quaint and curious things a city
can command.
The 'lectric power's the latest proud addition
to the list,
And soon we'll see a cycling path emerging
from the mist!
Oh, joyous girls of olden time, would you could
see the sight,
And feel the strong enticements now for com-
ing out at night.

Ye winsome, winning women—maids and
matrons of the past,
Your fame throughout the country in a song
will ever last,
Alas, you never knew what joys the cycling
journeys bring,
Along a smooth, enchanting path, when bike is
on the wing.
The present girls will emulate your own pecu-
liar right,
And keep the good old fashion still by coming
out at night!

A cycling path of cinders—a romantic road
along
A river famed in story—praised in poet's verse
and song.
What joy 'twill be in summer time to speed
along the shore,
And view the river ripples and hear the splash
of oar—
And then the blush of evening, the moon's soft
ray and light,
Will charm again the Buffalo girls when com-
ing out at night.
Buffalo, December, 1895.



AN ODE TO "SPRING OPENINGS."

THE signs now tell us of the joyous season,
All welcome voices speak its jocund mirth,
And subtle odors give a cogent reason
For beauty blooming over all the earth

The lake is moving in a sparkling motion,
The clouds are weaving many changing forms,
The vines are creeping—they have ta'en the notion,
That spring will pass without severer storms.

But if you wish to see sure indications
Of coming spring, don't to the robins go,
Nor watch the clouds, when in their wild gyrations,
They swiftly pass or wander to and fro.

Go view those harbingers, the city motions—
"Spring openings," where the shopping ladies meet,

Where dry goods, millinery and other notions—
Are seen resplendent from the crowded
street.

Go where beauty and duty loudly call thee,
Where “songs of spring” translated grandly
are,
Where symphony of color much enthralls thee,
And thrills of Easter meet thee from afar.

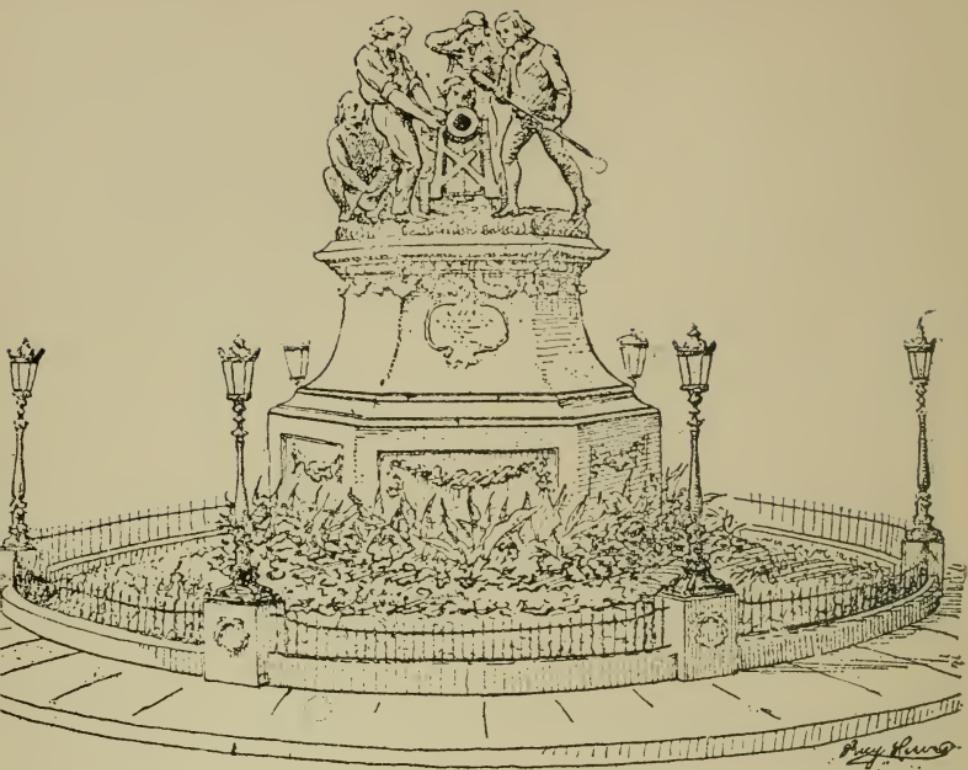
In well-stocked stores the grander spring-time
bloometh,
And odes in honor of its coming tell
How grand arrays of form and color teemeth
In those “spring openings” that all love so
well.



MEN WHO FOUGHT FOR BUFFALO.

(Commemorating the Heroic Deeds of Defenders of Buffalo
in December, 1813.)

“**T**HE enemy has crossed the line!”
'Twas nearly midnight, dark and
drear;
The moon and stars refused to shine.
And Con-ja-qua-dies Creek is near.



PROPOSED MEMORIAL MONUMENT FOR NIAGARA SQUARE.



To cominemorate the Heroic Defenders of Buffalo, who in December, 1813, fought one of Commodore Perry's guns at Niagara Square, when the British soldiers and Indians advanced to burn the city.

The patrols, guarding river bank,
 Heard there the splash of muffled oar,
And knew the British, rank on rank,
 Were gathering on the other shore.
Arouse, Black Rock! Drive back the foe,
Awake! Come forth! Save Buffalo!

“The enemy has crossed the line!”
The words were passed from man to man;
And beacon lights were seen to shine
 As patrols sped and couriers ran.
Warren and Churchill heard the call
 And roused their men to meet the foe,
While flying horsemen, wakening all,
 Met General Hall at Buffalo.
The enemy has crossed the line—
Their bayonets gleam, their sabres shine!

This is a time for purpose grand,
 For soul-inspiring, manly deeds;
For strength of purpose—quick command—
 And victory for the man who leads!
It is a time for manhood’s power
 When bravery in passion glows—
The day has come, and now the hour—
 Strike, freemen, strike your sturdy blows!
“The enemy has crossed the line!”
Rings out where starry banners shine!

But who can stay the panic there?
Along the river road they came,
Hurrying on in wild despair—
Our untrained soldiers lost to fame!
Then, steady in their even ranks,
The British soldiers followed fast,
Their Indian allies on their flanks—
The vengeful bands have come at last!
Their war cries signaled death that day,
And fire's destruction marked their way.

Where are the men who rallied here
But yesterday? Oh, where are they?
All scattered, gone, and pale with fear
Back to their homes they seek their way.
But late the victors, strong and bold,
Triumphant o'er a treacherous foe!
With valor drooping—spirit cold—
They now through forest shadows go.
Oh, who will strike one vigorous blow,
And save thee, helpless Buffalo?

Lieutenant Seely, stanch and true,
Fought all along Niagara's way;
With single gun—his comrades few—
Each shot was valor's hope that day!
He fought for helpless women here,
For children, homes and lives of those

Who, old and feeble, felt a fear
They never felt in front of foes!
The Indian war cry on the breeze,
Heard from afar, thrilled through the trees.

The Hulls and Efner, Johnson, Kane,
Fought bravely near Niagara Square
With one of Perry's guns. Again
Its voice re-echoes on the air,
And, pointing at the foe's advance,
Where hate and dread revenge have met,
Responsive to the gunner's glance
It thunders forth defiance yet.
Oh, for one hour of Perry's might—
His glorious spirit in the fight.

But vain the efforts of the brave,
The gallant men who fought that day!
They could not stay the surging wave,
Nor hold the hands upraised to slay.
But fitting 'tis the "Square" should tell,
In marble figures grand and bold
How long they fought; how grand, how well—
These men of valor pure as gold.
Tell of their deeds that all may know
Who fought to save thee, Buffalo!
Buffalo, February, 1896.



THE BUILDERS OF THE WAY.

WHEN springtime comes and cycles,
bright and ready,
Are speeding onward, looking
grand and gay,
What thankfulness the cyclists, strong and
steady,
Will feel toward the builders of the way!
Down by the margin of the flowing river,
Swift as an arrow from an archer's bow
Will speed the cyclists—ah, the senses quiver,
To view the rush when cyclists onward go!

Over bridges—by the meadows gleaming—
Along the orchards—'mid the fragrant
blooms—
Beyond the upland, where the sunlight
streaming,
Chases the shadows from the forest glooms;
Where sportsmen lingering feel a sense of glad-
ness,
Where tireless toilers mow an aftermath,
Where war once made those dreadful scenes of
sadness,
Is marked the line—Niagara's Cycling Path!

A gift most gen'rous! A pathway leading
From heart to heart along the even line;
And when the cyclers on the road are speeding,
They'll "take a tumble" to the thought
divine.

So, at the ball, when music charms to dancing,
And whirling figures through the mazes play.
The thought of cycling 'mid those scenes
enchanting
Will brighten pleasures of the cycling way!
Buffalo, January, 1896.



"PUT ME OFF AT BUFFALO."

"**P**UT me off at Buffalo!" the soulful
songster sings,
Expressive of the great desire that
longing always brings,
"Put me off at Buffalo! that place of great
renown—
That jolly, jaunty city—that wayward New
York town!"
The traveling salesman closed his eyes and
snored a snore or two,
Then in his dreams he noted down the business
he would do.

He murmured as he slumbered: "It's the
grandest town I know!
Its businessmen are generous—its tradesmen
are not slow;
And as for pretty maidens and matrons fair to
see,
No other town can quite compare—that's how
it seems to me!"
And then that slumbering wayfarer laughed as
his voice rose higher,
"But wait," he said, "until that town gets
power from the wire!"

And then he tossed and tumbled and laughed,
it seemed to me,
As if he was a "slumbering volcano" of wild
glee,
"At least the traction railroad," he muttered
soft and low,
"As a 'disturbing element' isn't liked in
Buffalo!
And a three-cent fare a two-cent ride is some-
thing, I am sure,
That fails in its 'attractions,' and doesn't
quite allure!"

"Oh, put me off at Buffalo!" the stranger cried
again,

His anxious thoughts seemed swaying to this
popular refrain;
"I want to see that building which spreads
itself so fair—
So ornate, neat, imposing, its length and width
a square.
I want to see the town where all 'commercials'
wish to go,
'Wake me early in the morning'—'Put me off
at Buffalo!'"

The song recites what happened to the man
once carried by,
And whisked away to Cleveland on a wild and
Western "fly."
But this man to Niagara Falls was hurried in
a trice
And made to stand, admire and praise a treach-
erous bridge of ice,
"The scene is very grand," he said, amid the
blinding snow,
"But business is business over there at
Buffalo!"

Buffalo, January, 1896.



FIRST RUN OF THE "999."

"**T**HE fastest road," so memory calls,
The way from Rochester to the Falls,
And oft I've heard Dan Bromley
say,
"By packet is the fastest way!"

And truly 'twas a splendid sight—
Tandem steeds—rope taunt, or tight,
The "packet horn" resounding fine,
Thrilling all hands on canaler's line,
"Fast," said Dan, "why the packet flies,
We'll be in Buffalo before sunrise!"

Then came the railroad! In '43,
It crowded the packet for mastery,
And soon Dan Bromley, bound to shine,
Called "All aboard" on a faster line.
"The fastest road," so memory calls,
Was the "strap-rail" road to Niagara Falls.
Speeding a mile in an hour or two,
A train from Rochester! Away it flew,
If the "strap-rail" didn't run through and
through
The cars as they sped in that hour or two!

But a faster line was that which came,
When the "Central" rose in the sheen of fame,
And Bromley was often heard to say,
"At last I've found a faster way!"
But that was in Lockport in '52,
When the line was ballasted through and
through;
And, to show that now there was something
in it,
The train made just a mile a minute.

"We'll rest the record," said Bromley then,
"No faster time can be made by men."
And that was the fastest time he knew,
For Dan went over the line from view,
But I know if a blast from a packet horn
Could be heard in the cloud in the early morn,
Dan's voice would answer, loud and clear,
"All aboard! a faster line is here!"

But what would good Dan Bromley say
If he'd journeyed with Hogan yesterday?
When "999" went off with a sigh
And time stood still to see her go by!
One hundred and twenty miles in an hour—
Oh, see the speed, the strength and power!
The nerve of the man, the steady hand,
The motion, the roar, the eye of command!
Objects recede from view as they pass,

Nothing is seen on the painted grass,
 Houses and farms are together toss'd,
 Miles are engulfed and space is lost!
 And Hogan has solved the railroad rhyme,
 He has won for his road the fastest time.



BUFFALO'S CHRISTMAS TREE.

VER the city, the children, all joyous,
 Are gathering tonight where laughter
 is free—
 Presents are brought and arranging
 employ us
 In loading with presents a grand Christmas
 Tree.

We've gifts for our Jane, for John and for
 Mary,
 And baby, wee toddler, with eyes full of glee;
 And grandmother, too, and Bella, the fairy—
 For all must have gifts on the home Christ-
 mas Tree.

Gifts for the lover of Jane and for mother—
 Whose hands with her heart e'er in kindness
 agree—

And father, who knows that we love one
another,
Shall have a rare gift on our bright Christmas
Tree.

* * * * *

Now, as the party, enjoying so hearty,
The moments when mirth makes us merry
and free,
We'll think of the city and, to be witty,
We will give City Hall a proud Christmas
Tree.

There 'mong the branches, place laws for free
water,
An ordinance, too, that would brighten the
gas;
The Queen of the Lakes, Niagara's fair
daughter,
May flirt with advancement, but ne'er let it
pass.

Pictures we'd place on a branch, looking gaily,
Of spacious hotels in the heart of the town;
A home for theatricals, cheering us daily,
Would drive from the brow of Care furrow
and frown.

Full on the topmost branch, looking so jolly,
We'd place the Convention Hall clear to the
sight,

Crowned with bright evergreen, mistletoe,
holly—

A beautiful Christmas dream, born of delight.
Come, with your gifts all the city to brighten,
Oh, come with improvements, the best at
command;

Come with devices, the burdens to lighten,
And come with whatever may make the town
grand.

Rouse your devotion! Let pride come to cheer
you—

All for the honor of Buffalo agree!
And you will find that good fortune's quite near
you

While viewing the gifts on this bright
Christmas Tree.

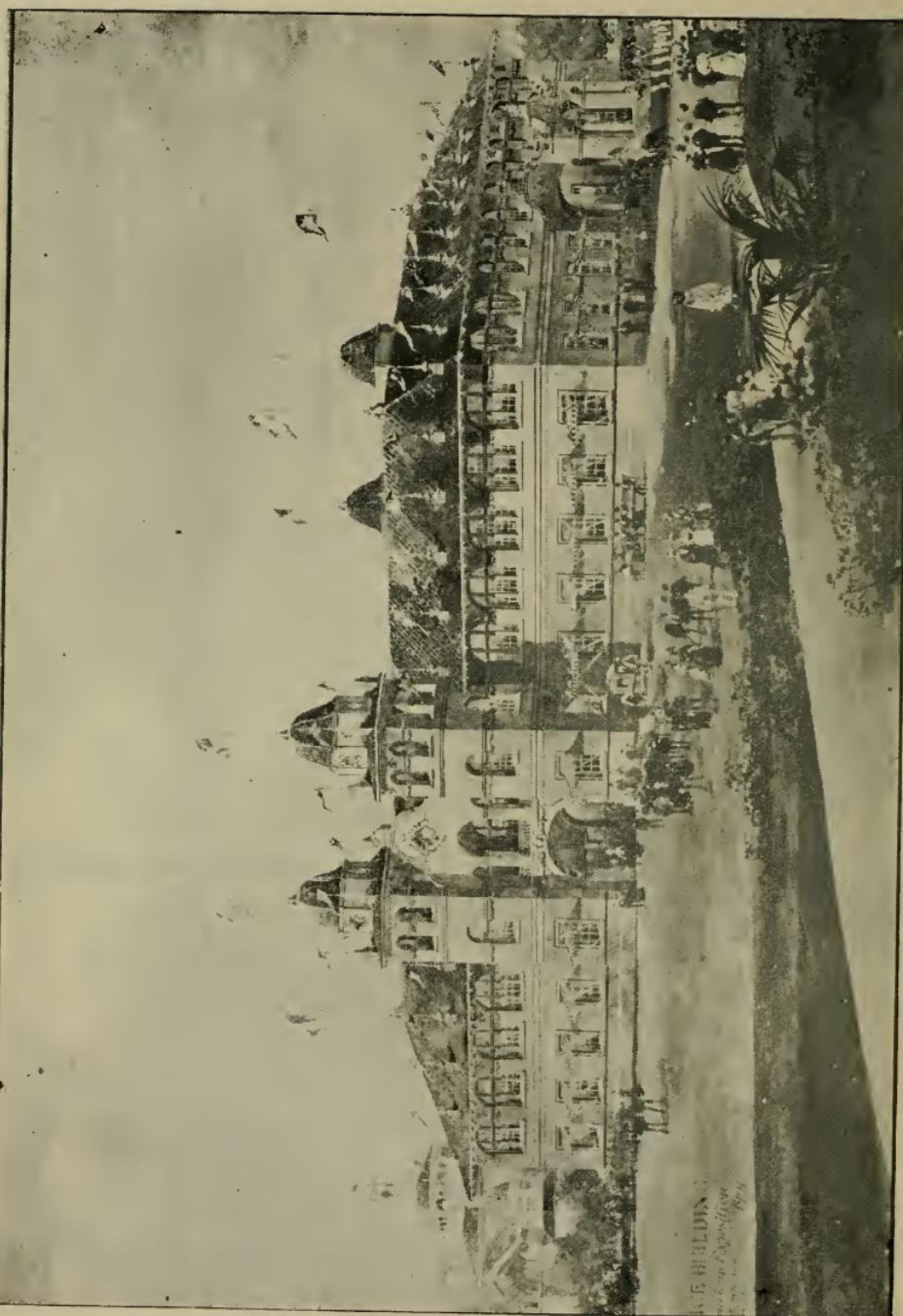
Buffalo, Dec., 1897.



THE PAN-AMERICAN.

EAR the roaring of the Pan—
Pan-American!
What a gorgeous prospect opens up
before this splendid Pan!
How the people gather might
In a cause that's just and right!

SERVICE BUILDING, PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION.



Men of business and all ages,
When they view the lights of Pan
Shining on the work began—
 Mark the Exposition stages.
Keeping time, time, time,
 While the dollars make a rhyme
To the music of the people, praising parts of
 prosperous plans
For the coming of the Pan, Pan, Pan, Pan,
 Pan, Pan—
For the coming of the Pan-American!
 Hear the cheers resound for Pan—
 Pan-American!

What a wealth of praise now lingers 'bout the
 very name of Pan!
See the contributions come!—
 City men to city true!—
 What a splendid thing to view!
 Taps of dollars beat the drum,
 And the world can hear the hum
Of the mighty roll that makes a million dollars
 come!
How the contributions grow!
 The people in their might
Prove that hearts are beating right,
 And amounts with steady flow
 Now double in a night!

Then the call comes from the country: "Let us in!"—

"Let us share in enterprise,

Let us, too, grow business wise—

We will contribute to make the millions grow!"

So the spirit seems so catching

That all are now dispatching

Their promises to add to the million list and show

That their hearts are in the plan

To push the famous Pan!—

To bring success securely to the Pan, Pan,
Pan, Pan,

To the gorgeous aggregation of the Pan-American!

Buffalo, January, 1899.



THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH.

("The Pan-American Bill Called Up and Passed—Now for the Greatest Show on Earth."—Head line in a "News" extra edition.)



Now, Buffalonians, stanch and true,
Now, men of nerve and brain,
Here is a work
for you to do,
In sunshine or in rain;

Whatever course the winds may take,
To interfere with mirth,
Just show the world that you can make
The Greatest Show on Earth!

Thanks to our statesmen, wise and firm;
Thanks to our Mayor Diehl;
Thanks to our business men, we term,
Our leaders, true as steel!
Thanks to our friends with generous hands
The men with manly girth,
Whose help has given a chance to make
The Greatest Show on Earth!

Remember what your Mayor said:—
Don't press the forward line,
The modest man is better paid
Than he who crowds to shine,
There's room on topmost rounds, we're told,
For those who prove their worth,
And he will win who helps to make
The Greatest Show on Earth!

The aid of State and Congress serves
To stimulate the plan—
To strengthen will and heart it nerves
The Pan-American!
Together let your voices ring
In songs and shouts of mirth—

United efforts now will bring
The Greatest Show on Earth!
Buffalo, March, 1899.



THE RACE OF THE SITES.

THE sites for Pan-American were figured
down to five,
Yet still it was quite certain there
were other sites alive;
For candidates for favor came so quickly to the
light,
That almost every citizen had got a favorite
site.

The experts' brows look troubled, and the
advocates look dry,
While combinations posted seem so strange
unto the eye.
There are surgings of the noisy crowd as some
one makes a call.
And sites go up and sites go down like stocks
that rise and fall.

Here's a sample of the postings that are on the
Site Exchange,

And the race of combinations shows a turf race
that is strange:
“The Front, the Rumsey site, the Riverside
and then,
The Rumsey site, the favored Front, and
Riverside again!”

Then changes followed changes till the com-
bination showed
The Front still gave to Rumsey site and
Driving Park the goad,
And to the Front and Riverside came Stony
Point in place,
And Driving Park withdrew awhile, though
eager for the race.

Quick, Riverside and Driving Park and Rum-
sey site came in,
As cheers among the sporty boys stirred up a
mighty din;
And Rumsey site, and Riverside, and Front,
in fine array,
Closed in and claimed a showing that seemed
to win the day!

The Rumsey site, still leading in a combina-
tion strong,
Was joined by Driving Park and Front and thus
they jogged along;

But other combinations are pushing to the fore,

They long to get upon the track—but, lo! the race is o'er.

For thus the quarter pole was reached by Racers of the Sites,

The Front's brave friends began to give the cheer that most delights,

When gallant Rumsey, dashing on in beauty fine and gay,

And a flutter 'mong the ladies showed that Rumsey won the day!

Buffalo, April, 1899.



GOOD ENOUGH FOR ALL.

VOUR handsome site and mine, my friend,

Are just no sites at all,
For Rumsey site will win the day
And press us to the wall.

And now it stands this way, my friend,
As far as I can see,

The Rumsey site is good enough—
It's just the site for me!

We trust the men who brought it forth,
 We know they're stanch and fair;
They're loyal to old Buffalo—
 No "job" is in the air!
Their work has been unselfish and
 Their promises all true,—
I think the Rumsey site will prove
 Just good enough for you!

So let us now clasp hands and say,
 With thankfulness and might;
"All honor to the men who groped
 In darkness for a site!
And who, when hope was dimly seen—
 Almost beyond recall—
Proved that the Rumsey plain would be
 Just good enough for all!"
Buffalo, May, 1899.



THE MAN WHO BLOCKS THE WAY.

THE open car is luxury in summer time
 so fair,
 For riding on those open cars you
 always get fresh air;
The breeze is strengthened as you go, with
 freedom in its play,

And all is is very pleasant, save the man who
blocks the way.

He gets aboard when no one else is on the
roomy seat,

And always seems the largest man that travels
on the street;

He plants himself right jauntily, and firmly, I
may say—

Does this great and grand obstructor—the man
who blocks the way.

You try to pass him carefully to get to t'other
side—

The car is none too roomy and the way is none
too wide—

You stumble in the effort, for his feet will
there betray

The awful, dreadful bulkiness of the man who
blocks the way.

A lady comes! Ah, pity her! She hesitates
—afraid!

How can she pass the barrier those legs and
feet have made?

But, somehow, she gets seated, and her looks
seem to betray

A seething sea of anger for the man who blocks
the way.

There's the lady with the bundles—ah, she
will often take
The place our bulky friend has held. Object-
ion none can make!
For woman's rights are granted—she can
always have her say,
And if one has a mind to she can safely block
the way.

But, on the cars or elsewhere, there's a mur-
mur that will flow—
An impulse from the angry heart that rises
swift or slow;
And that murmur grows in fierceness, where
people work or play,
Against the man who heedlessly will dare to
block the way.

Buffalo, July, 1897.



“STEP FORWARD IN THE CAR.”

H, many things in city life
You meet with every day,
Amid its pleasures and its strife,
That range from grave to gay.
But 'mongst the queerest, strangest things
That on my feelings jar

Is when the car conductor rings
His bell, and then so loudly sings:
“Step forward in the car!”

You see the market buyers, and
You feel like jumping out,
But, hustling in, the merry band
Puts feelings all to rout.
Their baskets, filled with meats and things,
All passengers they bar,
And then the car conductor rings
His bell, and, oh, so merrily sings:
“Step forward in the car!”

You start for church on Sunday. Oh,
The excursionists are there,
In fact you'll find though far you go
Excursions everywhere.
So, musing on discordant strings—
Ill fate—unlucky star—
You're startled! The conductor rings
His bell, and then so cheerily sings:
“Step forward in the car!”

A short, stout woman. Mild blue eyes!
A full car! Oh, that strap
She cannot reach. A strange surprise!
A jolt! She's in your lap!

And neighboring ladies look such things!

A laugh would shock or mar!

And then the car conductor rings

His bell, and louder, louder sings:

“Step forward in the car!”

A car is full. We start along,

Home comfort to infuse.

The women stand—the gents, a throng

Sit reading Evening News

But Mohawk street more people brings—

The babes and parcels mar

All joy. The car conductor rings

His bell, and sternly, sternly sings:

“Step forward in the car!”

But watch the down town cars for fun

When girls a-shopping go,

And evening’s rush has just begun—

At five o’clock or so.

You’re squeezed. A blush on crimson wings

Comes gently from afar.

And then the car conductor rings

His bell, and laughingly he sings:

“Step forward in the car!”

Buffalo, November, 1895.



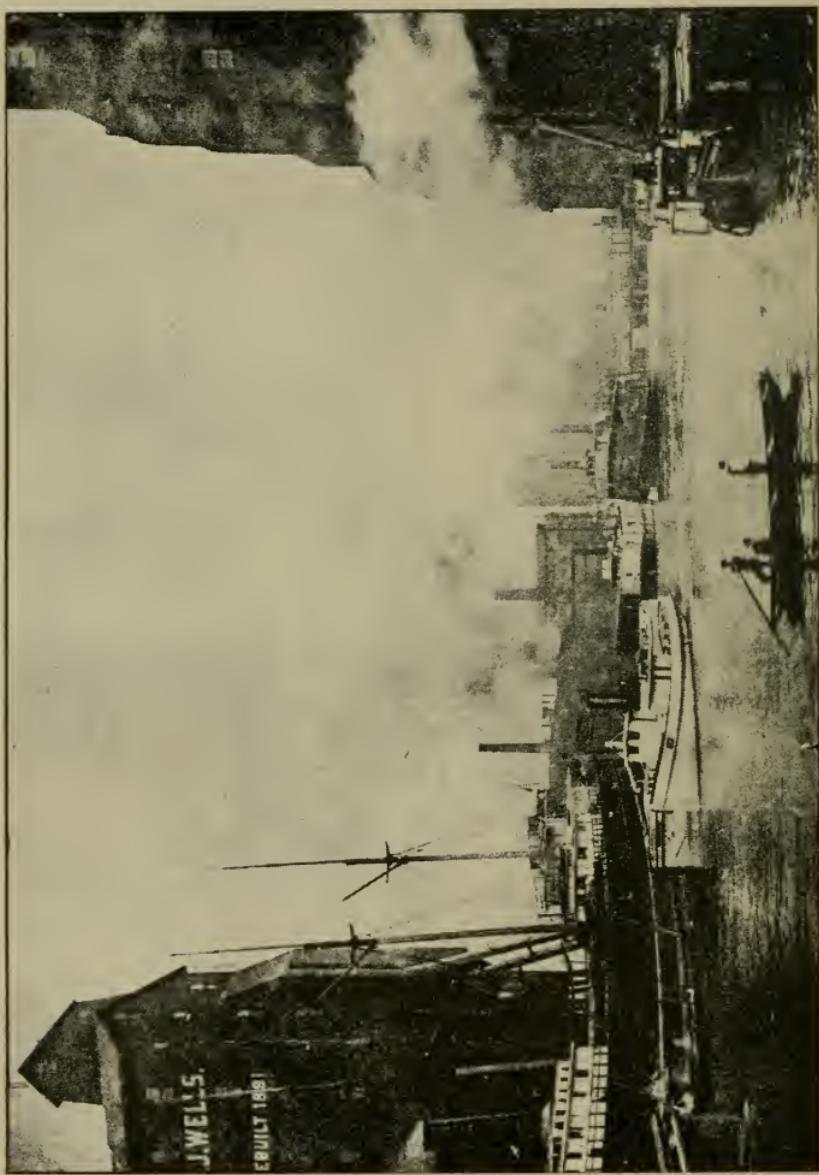
AT THE FERRY.

 **N** THE lake there's a beautiful curtain
 Of mist, that looks grand as we
 view it;
 On the river a sparkle and shimmer,
 As if waves saw Spring smiling through it;
 There are murmuring sounds in the air,
 A dancing of ripples quite merry;
 The morning is bright and most fair;
 A scene of delight at the Ferry.

On the lake there's no longer a mountain
 Of waves that toss ships till they're
 stranded—
 Over there is where ships were engulfed—
 Their mariners never were landed;
 Ah, the toss of the waves and their thunder,
 The winds dashing down the doomed wherry,
 Till escape to the land is a wonder—
 As viewed from the pier at the Ferry.

But the scenes of the Spring and the Summer,
 Are peaceful and joyous and jolly;
 Patiently fishermen bait all the day;
 At evening they laugh at their folly.

BUFFALO HARBOR SCENE.



Joyous excursionists leaving the pier,
Or, crossing the river, make merry,
While bands, playing music deliciously clear,
Enhances the scene at the Ferry.
Buffalo, February 28, 1898.



A MILD ECSTATIC FEELING.

 H, THIS soft and sunny weather,
When the birds begin to gather,
And the snow along the borders has
melted all away,
And the ice upon the river
Does not now suggest a shiver,
There's a languorous sort of feeling stealing
o'er me every day.

I wake from dreams in morning,
All work and worry scorning,
And feel a kind of stupor that is pleasure more
than pain,
While a mild ecstatic feeling
Comes stealing, stealing, stealing,
And off I drift to dreamland again and yet again.

There's a sail a-down the shoreland,
There is sunlight on the moorland,
And boats are tossing lightly on the waves
 I plainly see,
And still this languorous feeling
 Comes stealing, stealing, stealing,
Until my head is reeling and my fancy, too, is
 free.

Ah, the breeze is gently blowing,
 And the sunshine now is showing
A misty line of vapor on the island down the
 stream.
Hark! a fisherman is singing
 Where a spaniel's bark is ringing,
While I wander by the river as if drifting in a
 dream.

In a boat again I'm sailing,
 While the white foam fast is trailing,
And down by Navy Island I find a quiet nook,
 And, oh, that languorous feeling
 Which was stealing, stealing, stealing,
Seems to vanish when a Sprudel casts his line
 and baited hook.
Buffalo, March, 1894.



SUNSHINE ON THE RIVER.

TODAY a bright ray of sunshine fell full
on the river wide,
A breeze as soft as a summer breeze
rippled the river's tide,
And fleecy clouds in the heavens seemed as
white as drifted snow;
And the atmosphere
Whispered quite clear
That winter must quickly go.

I heard mysterious voices in the sound of a
distant rill,
The streamlets shone and sparkled at the foot
of a neighboring hill,
And the sparrows on trees were chirping in a
rapid, earnest way,
As if sparrows knew,
And were telling true
Of the summer time of play.

There is hope in the glorious sunshine that
floods the river and town:
There is joy in the running waters that sparkle
from hill tops down;

And the sheen on the waves and shoreland
bring gladness without a fear—
For we know quite well—
Nature's voices tell—
That spring—glad spring, is near.

The workers arouse at these voices! This the
swift breezes know,
For they tell the waves that commerce soon
o'er the waters will flow,
And the rills that toss and sparkle and laugh as
they tumble down,
Whisper that mills
Of valleys and hills
Will awaken the hum of the town.

And out of the shadows of winter, the cold and
the piercing blast,
The first glad ray of springtime comes glad-
dening the poor at last.
And hoping for honest labor and thankful for
charity's store.
They hail the glad ray
Of the sun today—
As a light to the struggling poor.
Buffalo, February 28, 1894.



AS THE SHIPS GO BY.

THE passengers on steamers as they meet
upon the lake
Wave handkerchiefs for greeting and
their sun-shades, too, they shake,
And as the ships pass on their way all hearts
with hope are kind,
And "Happy voyage!" or "Safe return!" are
prayers upon the wind.

Far down the river, by the shore, a band of
children play,
And when excursion boats come near, with
streamers bright and gay,
The little ones, with shouts of joy and
'kerchiefs waving fast,
Say: "Happy voyage!" or "Safe return!" as
swift the boat goes past.

Then answering signals to the shore go from
the vessel's side,
For "Good-bye!" answers "Happy voyage!"
back o'er the river's tide,

And, oh, no matter who you are or wheresoe'er
you go,
These happy greetings are for you where
joyous ripples flow.

* * * * *

A sturdy peasant stands a-field! He longs for
city life;
Ambitious, weary of his lot, and tired of rural
strife—
He sees the cars come dashing on and, turning
from his pose,
He wafts “Good-bye!” and all his heart is
with the train that goes.

Ah, do not deem that youth too bold who
views the cars go by
And feels that all his dreams of life within its
boundaries lie;
For this enraptured peasant stands not there
with downcast head—
His glance is on the future where the flying
train has sped.

Buffalo, July, 1894.



FROM BUFFALO TO THE SPRINGS.

(Thoughts on a River Excursion.)

THE day is fine, the breeze is strong,
Old Erie's waves are low,
The river as it rolls along
Is noiseless in its flow.
The ripples dance in lightness,
No cloud a threat'ning brings,
And all is joy and brightness
From Buffalo to the Springs.

From crowded street and building,
From narrow court and lane,
From rooms that have no gilding,
From weariness and pain—
Come those who seek the treasure
The tossing wavelet flings—
Of hopes in boundless measure—
From Buffalo to the Springs.

Oh, glorious scene of waters,
Of pastures green and grand,
Of trees that fling their shadows
Along the river's strand.

Oh, happy, happy children,
And song that childhood sings,
There's joy and pleasure all the way
From Buffalo to the Springs.

Ah, Nature has been free to thee,
Niagara, of her stores,
And down thy stream most lavishly
She's beautified thy shores,
But here, more precious far than wealth,
Her breeze all fresh'ning brings,
That joy-inspiring gift of health—
From Buffalo to the Springs.



WHEN CANADIANS GO A-FISHING.

WHEN Canadians go a-fishing
They have no dainty tread;
They drop their lines where 'er
they choose
With haughty shake of head.
If fish don't bite upon their side
They row with might and main—
To Yankee waters and at eve
They hie them back again.

Their catch may not be bountiful,
But, then, they get the fun,
Which Yankee boys and girls admire
And like to look upon.
And so the bold Canadians
Float on the Yankee tide,
And sport awhile in freedom's air
Upon the Yankee side.

The Solons of Ontario
Have wisdom bubbling o'er,
They will not have our anglers brave
Go angling near their shore,
Their law has put a price upon
The Yankee, hook and bait—
A license you must get before
You drop your line—“and wait.”

Then comes a deep reflection
When Yankee boys with lines
Go over to the “other side”
And run up square 'gainst fines.
Instead of fishing free and fair
They find a different thing—
Canadian reciprocity
Will confiscate their “string.”

We plant the fry and then protect
Them 'gainst the poacher's net,

But gay Canadians come across
And pull them from the wet.
Their laws of state restrict us and
Our laws of state proclaim
A freedom that to them and us
Are equal and the same.

* * * *

There's another kind of angling
That gets the people's praise
On either side 'tis practiced, too,
In universal ways,
The boys and girls of Canada
And Yankees, too, agree—
In casting matrimonial lines
The tariff shall be free.
Buffalo, May, 1899.



THE JOY OF THANKSGIVING.

AILY we sing for Turkey is King in
this happy land today,
And generous fare and surcease of
care will banish all gloom away.
Our Thanksgiving, too, when opened
to view has various shades of light,

And reasons quite numerous, sedate and
humorous, give cause for our thanks
tonight.

Here let us pause in our joy for the cause
triumphant throughout the land,
And give from the heart the noblest part of
our thanks for the man in command.
McKinley was true, and his eloquence grew to
encompass the country o'er.
And his heart was a part of the cause from the
start, and was sound to the core.

Thanks for the spark that passed in the dark
down deep in the ocean bed,
Startling the fishes with hearty good wishes
and bearing a message which said:
“Hurrah, it is done! Arbitration has won!”
Three cheers for thy doctrine, Monroe!
’Twas a beacon of light—America’s right!
Clasp hands, let your hearts overflow!

Thanks for the Power! Fortune’s great
shower of wealth to the city makes
The people declare that each one shall share
the boom of the Queen of the Lakes.
And “Clinton’s Great Ditch,” that line along
which the Western grain must flow,

Will be up to date with improvements great
and the electric power to tow.

Oh, for a song! Sing loud and long, a song
for the 'lectric wheel,
The perilous fly of the shaft and the cry of the
spirit that seems to feel;
The creak and the shriek, the stir and the whir
of a wheel that goes round and round,
And a spark on a lark, 'mid shadows quite dark,
and the constant tremulous sound.

'Twould be very queer if the citizens here
failed in generous thanks
For the city's expanding by incomers landing
and fortune's favoring pranks.
The future seems boundless, and stories are
groundless that tell of caution and fear,
For Buffalo's border (now, this is in order)
goes to Lockport a year that is near.

All the good reasons of growth in their seasons,
the Real Estate Board will portray,
They'll tell of the hurry, excitement and flurry
of a Real Estate Bargain Day.
But the joy of the river where wavelets quiver,
the parks and the walks for a lover;
The pavements and bikes, which everyone
likes, are here for all to discover.

We are thankful for light, though we've not
enough quite in alleys and streets and
lanes,

For crime always hides where darkness abides,
and there's where it gets its gains.

The electric flash makes the footpad dash from
his hiding place on the street,

When the man with a "star" sees the robber
afar, clear the way for hurrying feet!

The Electric City! 'Twould be a great pity to
hide all its beauty at night!

There is joy in the glare, and the flare on the
air, oh, it dazzles the eager sight!

Light the streets! Light the streets! And
the stranger that greets the business
man out of gloom

Will praise all the ways and linger for days in
a city that's got the boom.

The microbe in chase is now the great race
that engages the thoughtful here—

The invisible death that is caught on the
breath or is kissed from the lips most
dear,

The "rubber-necked" bottle the nurse must
throttle, and parents must save their
own:

For there's hope for the child that draws it
mild in the shortest way that is known.

We thank Dr. Wende, the people's true friend,
he has triumphed over disease,
For his care that pure air may banish despair,
all fright of mad dogs to appease;
No pestilence stalks on our streets or our
walks, and death has a less'ning rate,
Rejoice, for 'tis known epidemics have flown
from the healthiest town in the State.

For charities grand and the open hand, and
the generous gifts in need;
For women most true in all that they do, and
the forces for good they lead:
For the manly speech and the acts that reach
into places of wasting pain,
For the churches' aid and the good that is said
—give thanks again and again.

Our thanks must flow, and wider grow our
generous thoughts the while,
For the growing trade and work which has
made ev'ry laboring force to smile;
The merchants in stores, the toilers outdoors,
and those in mills and shops,
Feel a joy unalloyed for the army employed
and the sale of the farmers' crops!

We have thanks in store for blessings galore
and for some that our patience mocks
For instance, we raise our Thanksgiving praise
for those long-neglected docks!

And look at each hall, every one too small!

An auditorium great

Is the vision seen through the savory sheen
that covers each loaded plate!

Buffalo, November 26, 1897.



THE LITTLE BOY WHO TRUSTED SANTA CLAU.S.

I REALLY do not know,
But, somehow, long ago
Christmas seemed so full of mystery. And
The things that Santa brought
Carried the happy thought
That fairies cared for us in fairyland.

And I remember well
A circumstance befell
A little boy, an orphan, long ago;
The children of the manse
Hung their stockings and by chance
Forgot the orphan, in the cheery glow.

Ah! bitter tears he shed
When he retired to bed:—
But soon two little feet were on the stair—
A tiny form was seen
Close beside the fire screen,
The weeping boy had placed his stockings
there!

I saw the timid look—
The little hand that shook;
I saw the faith that led him there to pause;
I saw him backward creep
To his little bed to sleep—
That darling boy who trusted Santa Claus!

* * * * *

Early on Christmas day—
The first bright morning ray
Fell on the hearth and stockings full and grand.
The children in their joy,
E'en the little orphan boy.
Thanked Santa for his gifts from fairyland.

I thought I'd question him,—
His large blue eyes grew dim
When I mentioned of his faith in Santa's way;
Then he told me that mamma—
E'er she had gone afar—
Said that Santa thought of children Christmas
Day.

And Santa knew full well,—
He said his list could tell,
Just where to give his candy or his toy;—
So creeping down the stair
He prayed as he stood there:
“Oh, Santa, do remember mamma’s boy.”

* * * * *

Ah, yes, I really know
That in the long ago,
Christmas day was ruled by fairy laws,—
But children of today,
Are up-to-date at play,
And know mamma is truly Santa Claus!

Buffalo, December 30, 1899.



A PLEA FOR THE FLOWERS.

(Respectfully dedicated to those who cultivate them.)

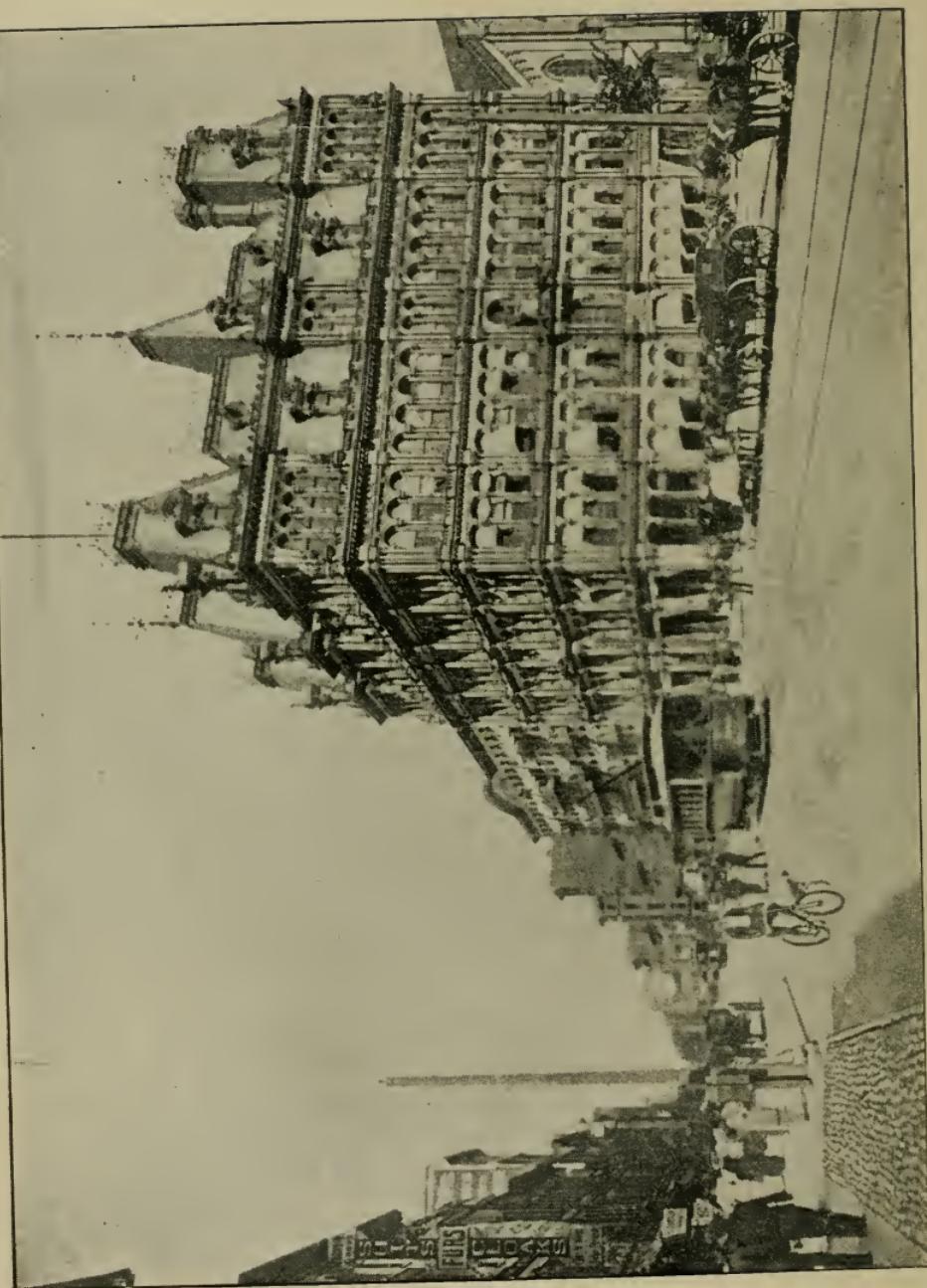
THE trees are leafing lovely and the
grass is fresh and green,
And the morning calls the sleeper to
behold a lovely scene,
For a run upon the cycle or a walk about the
town

Give the cheeks a rosy color and will smooth
the temper down—
But remember in your rambles, there's a joy
that may be flown
If you do not let the flowers on the lovely
lawns alone.

Ye lovers, who are straying 'neath the falling
evening gloom,
Spare the simple bunch of lilacs and the roses,
when in bloom;
And ye revelers who, careless of the joy that
flowers bring,
Let them bloom in quiet beauty where the
birds their praises sing:
And ye boys—oh, heed the warning!—for your
joys will all be flown
If you do not let the flowers on the lovely
lawns alone.

Let the flowers bloom in gladness there,
refreshing every sense—
They beautify the gardens and adorn the hum-
ble fence;
They wither in the hands that dare despoil
the parent stem—
And those who love not flowers, sure they were
not made for them!

GERMAN BANK BUILDING, MAIN STREET.



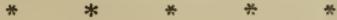
So, ye ramblers of the night and morn, your
joys will all be flown,
If you do not let the flowers on the lovely
lawns alone!

Buffalo, April 14, 1892.



THE MUSIC OF THE STREET.

THE grand old music sounding in cathedral, church or hall,
Fills heart and soul with melody and
stirs the feelings all;—
But, oh, the poor who may not hear what
makes our pulses beat,
Entranced, will, ling’ring, listen to the organ
on the street.
And children, too, will still their noise and
pause in silence there,
To catch the faintest echo of the music on the
air,
With voices calmed to whispers, they hush
their shuffling feet,
And, charmed and awed, they group around the
organ on the street.



A dying child lay faint and low and friends
 were gathered 'round,
When from the roadway floated in to him a
 well-known sound;
A smile passed o'er his fading face—he mur-
 mured low and sweet,
“I want to hear it”—thus he died 'mid music
 from the street.*

* * * * *

Oh, ye who dwell in mansions where music
 softens care
And buoys the heart in sorrow and charms it
 everywhere,
See to it that such blessings still the humbler
 homes may greet,
And leave to freedom and the poor the music
 of the street.

Buffalo, July 3, 1891.

*This states an actual occurrence. A little fading invalid boy whispered to his mother: “Let the organ play—I want to hear the music,” and in a few moments, and while the organ still sounded, the life of the little boy passed away.



A CHILD'S LIST FOR SANTA CLAUS.

HE youngest of the household 'tother
day,
(The child was little May)
Heard her mother say
That she must make a list of things she
wanted.
And, after a short pause,
She added: "I'll send the list to Santa Claus."

"What is a list?" said May, and clapped her
hands,
"I too, have commands!
Santa understands
That little children like to have their wishes
known."
And then she laughed, the fay,
As I replied: "A 'list' is names of things for
Christmas Day!"

"Oh, make a 'list' for me," she quickly said.
"I am not afraid,"
And she gently laid
Her hand on mine to urge me to her will.

With calmness on my face,
I drew my pencil just to please Her Grace.

* * * * *

May's list was long. Her wants flowed on
unending;

In memory stored were names of many
things—

Costly gifts with humbler ones were blending.
Her fancy seemed to have no weary wings.

Happy childhood! Shifting scenes of beauty;
Mysterious realm, where elfs and fairies
dwell.

Time points in vain to years of sterner duty,
And vain the lessons sad, sad stories tell.

May stood beside me, her sparkling eyes
o'erflowing

With wonder-laden glances as she numbered
there,

The things she thought that fairies were
bestowing

From laden baskets borne on wintry air.

* * * * *

"I want, said May:

A diamond ring,

A bird to sing,

A silk umbrella,

A story book of Cinderella,

A dog to run,
Pictures of fun,
A dress of blue,
A red hat, too,
A cat that's jolly,
Powder for faces,
Flounces and laces,
A pair of shoes,
And tell the 'News'
I want a dolly!"

Buffalo, December, 1895.



ARE ALL THE PRESENTS READY?

RE all the presents ready and have you
selected well?
Be sure don't give to Johnny what
you bought for little Nell;
Has Frances got her dolly and has Bob his
bugle horn,
And Hattie's skates, have they been placed to
greet her in the morn?
There are other gifts made ready for dear ones
loved and true,
Arranged while thoughts of merry times come
trooping in review;

And now the stockings are all filled and kindly
wishes said,
For the wee ones, weary watchers, who early
went to bed.

There's just one little stocking left on purpose
for the last,
A tiny foot oft pressed it in the year that's
flown so fast—
A pair of little feet now in Cloud Land totter-
ing walk,
And angels hear the prattle of my loved one's
childish talk.
I will fill it with the dainties I always gave to
him;
The drum he wanted, oh, so much—(it was a
childish whim)—
I'll place beside his stocking—in fancy hear
him play—
The little boy that, smiling, passed so suddenly
away.

Thus, the memory of our losses in such a time
as this
Leaves no sadness clouding darkly the Sav-
iour's promised bliss;
For the presents thus selected for the dear one
in the skies,

I'll give a poor man's child to bless a Christmas
morn's surprise!

Buffalo, December, 1898.



ONCE MORE UPON THE RIVER.

TIS cold upon the river and I'm certain
There'll be but little fishing now till
spring
The autumn winds and clouds with
heavy curtain
Tell of the blast that comes on icy wing.

Once more upon the river we'll go sailing;
Once more upon the shore we'll stray along;
Just once we'll see the dun clouds go a-trailing,
And hear those sounds recalling summer's
song.

Come! For the autumn winds are swiftly
blowing:—
Though crisp the air the sun has power still—
And boatmen are beyond the river rowing,—
Come! Hoist the sail and guide us where
you will.

What joy is this! The waves with constant motion

The life-blood starts to emulate its flow,
And, as we speed, the heart in wild devotion
Recounts its treasures as we onward go.

Oh, lovely river! How you set us thinking
Of love, of hope, of treasures that we prize!
Secrets I gave you once—I saw them sink-
ing—

I now would have them from your depths
arise.

Once more upon the river we'll go sailing;
Once more upon the shore we'll stray along;
Just once we'll see the dun clouds go a-trailing,
Ere autumn fades and hushed is summer's
song.

Buffalo, November, 1898.



THE FISHING POLES ARE PUT AWAY.

THE boats along the river's rim
No more a-fishing go,
And scarcely anybody finds
Amusement in a row.
The fishing poles are put away,
Where sunlight never shines,

And joy and hope are seen no more,
Along the fishing lines.

The bass will hide in winter beds,
The perch, 'tis manifest,
Will seek no more the tempting bait—
They've gone to take a rest.
And sunlight on the river now
Has lost its sparkling charm—
The cold waves dash upon the shore
And moan a dread alarm.

The shout of bathers calling far;
The white sails—cheery sight—
The passing steamers in the eve—
No longer give delight,
And trips to islands just below
The bridge—how fine the view!
Must cease until another spring
Its glories will renew.

The gorgeous colors of the woods,
The summer sunsets grand,
The beauties of the field and shore,
The joys of lake and land—
Will come again to cheer us all;
The swallows, too—and more—
The river boats and fishing lines
Will trail along the shore.

DOWN BY THE RIVER AT FIVE.

A DOWN by the river at five,
Far away from the stifling air
Of boarding house and alcove room,
And the rising bell on the stair,
The dancing waves are rippling in—
They are tripping as if alive,
As slow I pass along the street,
Adown to the river at five.

Through mists that shade the other side
Erie is dashing low on shore,
Far away where the stream is deep
I see the shine of a dripping oar.
Yonder bridge, like a fairy web,
Hangs high in mists where elfins dive—
So deceptive the objects seem
Adown by the river at five.

The river mists look bright at morn,
When the sun with a golden sheen
Wraps town and lake and stream that flows
In a gorgeous morning scene,
Joy comes in with the morning light,
And health to the many who strive

And both are found by those who stroll
Adown by the river at five.

Ah, the river that long ago
Lured me out in the sun's first ray;
When life was all an even flow
And wind and wave were calm all day;
Ah, that river, its flowing tide,
The walk from town, or morning drive—
Fair was the maid who laughed with me
Adown by the river at five.

Buffalo, April, 1897.



OCTOBER APPLE BLOOMS.

SPRING IN AUTUMN.

(An apple tree in the yard of Mrs. A. Vandermueler, 57 Arkansas street, is in bloom, the blossoms being large and very bright in color. A small branch brought to the "News" office this morning bore a number of trusses of buds and blossoms.—Buffalo "News," October 24.)

WEET blossoms, with the odor of the
orchards and the spring,
Why do you in October bloom? (A
rare and wondrous thing)
Your leaves so nicely tinted are and
bud and bloom are true—
Can Nature paint, with fingers cold, a blossom
fair as you?

What message of the beautiful is in your folded leaves?

Your presence wakens fancy—bright webs of spring it weaves,

While echoes of the breezes come, as sounds come from afar—

Again we're in the orchards where the apple blossoms are.

Do you come to speak of brighter climes beyond a winter's gloom?

Do you tell us that from trouble, joy and happiness will bloom?

Do you warn us that a voice will speak from out your petals there

Of wondrous climes beyond the skies—that joy and peace dwell there?

Perhaps, you've come to show us that the chambers of the air

Contain the forms which once we've seen around us everywhere,

And though we cannot view them with an earthly sense of sight

The spirit sense illuminates and gives us purer light.

Oh, rare and wondrous blossoms, born in autumn's chill and cold,

When russet leaves are falling in colors bright
as gold;
How pale your tints beside them look—too
delicate to stay,
No fruit will follow blooming—you bloom and
fade away.

Oh, friends with whom I've wandered in the
orchards long ago,
I see again your faces with youth's bright and
happy glow—
And blossoms of October wake the memories of
a time
When birds sang to the buds and blooms a
song of perfect rhyme.

Buffalo, October, 1895.



THE HERO.

WE read the stories of the sea,
Where gallant sailors fought their
way—
When bursting shells made havoc
free,
And death was clasped in mortal fray—
Though roar of guns
Appalled the soul,

Brave men pressed on
To win the goal!

We read of men so firm, so true
So dauntless 'mid the battle shock,
That, as the thunders greater grew,
Defiant stood like rooted rock!

Where shot and shell
Their terrors flame,
As if from hell
These voices came!

But, where in all the sea's romance,
When day had closed and dawn awoke;
Has such a scene met seamen's glance
As that when Dewey's signal spoke?
The Raleigh's guns
Made no delay,
And answers blazed
Along the bay!

Though men had fought in ancient times
With valor that is praised in Spain,
Though poets have described in rhymes
The glories of the heroes slain—
No valor in
Manila's Bay
Was ever known
Till Dewey's day!

The homage of a nation tells
The worth of all that he has done,
And city marts and streams and fells
Proclaim the victory he has won.

Throughout the land
With loud acclaim,
The people laud
Brave Dewey's name!

Buffalo, Sept., 1899.



PARDON DREYFUS!

“**P**ARDON Dreyfus!” Silly elf,
Tell me, what has Dreyfus done?
Yes! I quite forgot! 'Tis true—
But I tell you nothing new—
Though beside him laid a “gun,”
Dreyfus did not shoot himself!

The pistol ready at his hand
Proved a foil to his intent;
The baffled tempter stood aside
When Dreyfus said: “I'm innocent!”
Buffalo, Sept., 1899.



LINES TO "JENNIE JUNE."

(On meeting her at the State Federation in Buffalo.)

JIN THE warfare 'gainst disorder
We're enlisted on the border,
J And we hail you our commander,
"Jennie June."
Oh, my heart with joy is swellin'
For the higher life to dwell in.
And its with the social symphonies in tune.

How bright your song of life is;
How strong your moral strife is;
I remember, I remember long ago,
When you worked in April showers,
And smiled amid May flowers,
And June was, like your thoughts, a summer
glow.

Now you revel in aesthetics,
In intellectual ethics,
Ripe in judgment, polished manners—all
refined.
And your devotees in laces,

Charming smiles and many graces,
Show the blending of the toilette with the
mind.

Can we doubt, while we admire
The intellectual fire,
That frills and lace, and moire in varied tones,
Give to philanthropic doings,
As well as tender wooings,
The power that women have on social thrones.
Buffalo, November, 1896.



THE GATHERING OF THE DOLLS.

(Written after attending the "News" great Doll Show.)

SEE the gathering of the dolls! In-
structive dolly show;
See, the gleaming, dazzling splendors
that babyhood may know!
Children all are reveling in anticipated
blisses,
Happiness and joy enchain enchanting little
misses,
And hushed are cries of babies and the child-
ren's louder bawls

When they hear alluring stories of the gathering of the dolls.

There are dolls from generous givers, dolls from dainty hands;
There are dolls that create wonder, representing foreign lands;
There are dolls from schools and churches, all dressed in fine array
And the beauty of their draping art and fashion doth betray;
Scenes of grandeur and refinement a gift like this recalls—
Sights are worth the seeing in the gathering of the dolls!

There are gifts from all the firemen, brave and generous men,
They've done a deed most worthy to be praised by speech or pen;
Policemen ever willing, too, their gifts have just begun
And will not cease till dolls are sent to represent each one.
And thus the men of duty, so responsive to its calls,
Are grandly represented in the gathering of the dolls.

Ah, tenderness and bravery go ever hand in hand,
And bravest deeds are those which come from hearts, without command.
Homage of the strongest to the weakest gladly given
Surely is not all of earth, it seems a part of Heaven,
And, oh, this benediction, all lightly though it falls,
Is seen in all its splendor in the gathering of the dolls.

A mother who had lost a wee bit prattling child, today
Sent in a contribution of a doll in fine array—
“Present it to a little one whose mother may be dead,”
And thus the card pinned to the dress told what the donor said,
A sorrow prompted missive. Ah, a dear one it recalls,
And tender thoughts are garnered with the gathering of the dolls.

A precious child is gladdened by the gift that sorrow sends,
And a surcease of that sorrow is what the gift portends,

Thus, the act of gen'rous giving finds returns
for present ills,
In the pleasure, and the measure of the
happiness it fills
And nothing in all fairyland the heart so much
enthralled
As little children gladdened by the gathering
of the dolls!

Buffalo, Nov., 1895.



THOUGHTS OF APPLE BLOSSOMS.

“ H, THE apple blossoms will soon be
here!”
Said a child on the lawn at play,
To a rosy companion standing near,
As I strolled on the street today;
And I heard the rosy one make reply
In a voice that was sweet and low;
“I love the blossoms!” and then with a sigh,
“But they do not stay long, you know.”

I stopped to hear the response that came,
As they stood in the twilight gloom:
“Oh, mother once said it is all the same—
That the fruit will follow the bloom!

And I've read in a book that what we prize
And lose, in mysterious ways,
Will blossom again under changing skies
And gladden our future days."

* * * * *

Those sweet, sweet words of a girl most fair
Have brought to my heart and brain,
Thoughts of the past—and the evening air
Is fragrant with bloom again,
For, oh, in the days long passed—ah, well,
They've gone with blossom and breeze,
And the maid—but, then, I may never tell,
Who strolled 'neath the apple trees!

For years we walked in a loving way,
And ever when spring came near,
We took from the month a blossoming day
To cheer us throughout the year,
And then—ah, then there came a time,
When I strolled alone in the gloom,
And I did not know—I'd lost the rhyme,—
"That fruit will follow the bloom!"
Buffalo, April 18, 1891.



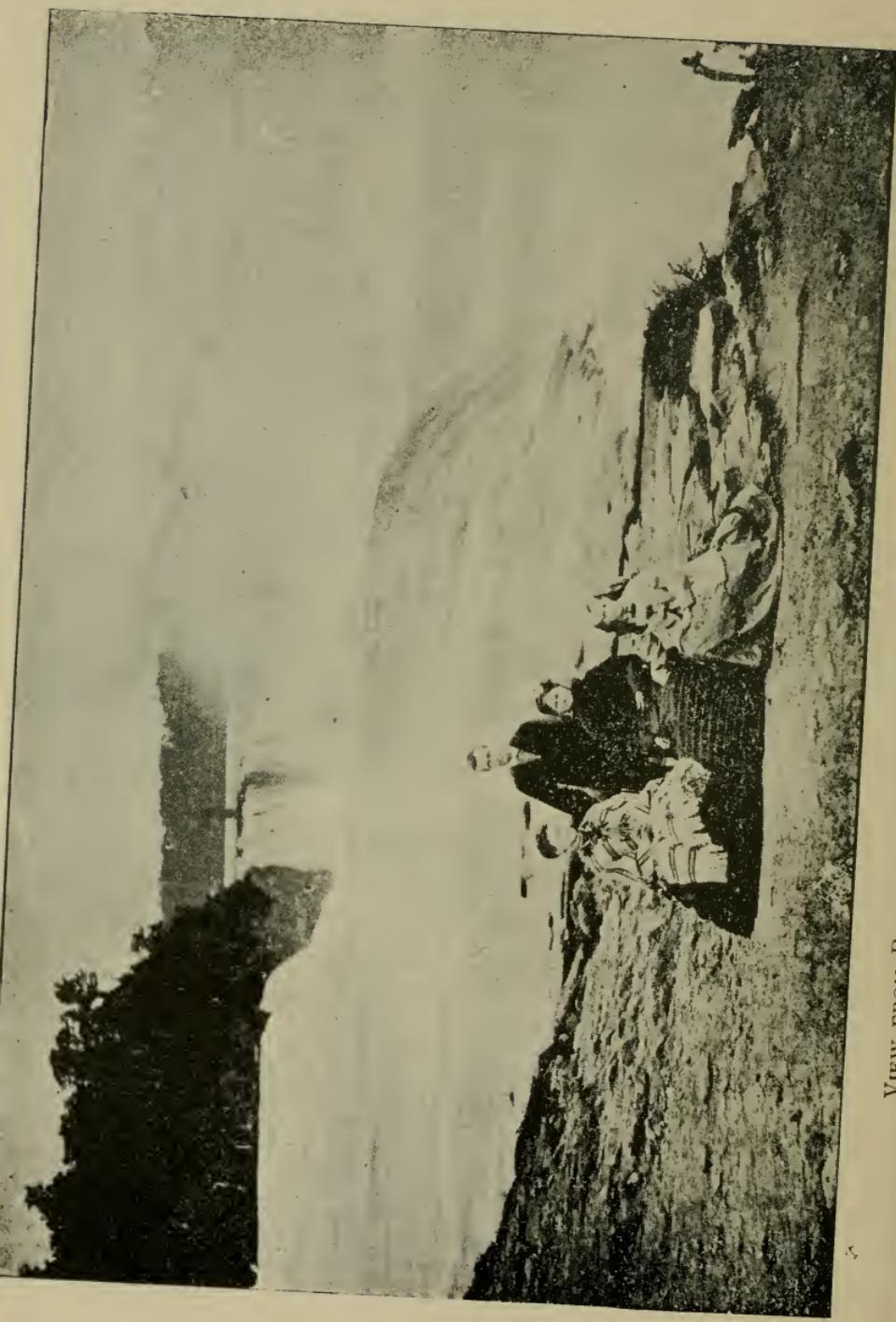
MY MOTHER'S VOICE.

THE voice of her I love, how dear!
Tho' far my wand'ring footsteps stray,
It lingers on my list'ning ear,
It vibrates thro' each passing year;
And, thinking of that voice today,
Remembrance claims the willing tear.

My mother's voice! Its gentle power
Has turned temptation's face away;
And tho' the tempest clouds may lower,
To darken life's most joyous hour,
It comes, like sunshine on the day,
To brighten field, and wood, and bower.

That voice comes to me when alone,
In cheering accents, soft and sweet;
In festive halls I hear its tone;
And when to wilder scenes I've flown—
Thro' haunts of men, thro' busy street—
Its magic spell is round me thrown.

How sweet the voices are that blend
In murmuring rill and flow'ry lee;



VIEW FROM PROSPECT POINT, NIAGARA FALLS.—Photographed in 1850.

In whisperings that the south winds send;
In sighs from trees when branches bend;
In thrilling sounds from heaving sea,
And in the echoes valleys lend!

Yet naught has ever touched my heart
Like that sweet voice I long to hear;
An echo of the soul thou art!
And from this revery I start
To feel my mother's spirit near,
Sweet voice! ah, we shall never part!



HEART ECHOES.

HE day is dreary and the night is long
Since fond companionship is lost to
me;
Those tender sympathies—the heart's
best song,
Have vanished like the sunlight on the lea;
No more for me
Come sunny smiles—but all is dark upon the
lea.

Alone I stand, who late had all of care—
Of gentle care—expressive kind and true,

Alone I stand, and miss those hands most fair,
Which never failed their perfect work to do.
Alas! how few
Can thrill us with a touch like those we've lost
could do.

The sad, sad part of life is this: To know
That from us pass, in our declining years,
The loved who made all joy to overflow,
The dear ones that held back the gathering
tears—
Suppressing fears
And banishing the flow—sad flow of sorrow's
tears.

So one by one the links of friendship break,
And one by one our loved ones fade and
die;—
Sweet wife, I sorrow here for thy dear sake,
For thee I feel despair is all too nigh,
Could we but fly!
But no! Fate holds us fast and sorrows come
too nigh.

It is so dreary on this lonely road!
Yet thou art near, I know. I feel your hand
Break through the air! Oh, come from thy
abode!
And tell me something of the Summer Land,

Dear hand! dear hand!
Guide me or point the way that leads to Summer Land!

Just when we need the buoyancy and bliss,
The helps which love and friendship always give;

Just when we're grateful in a world like this,
And learn how beautiful it is to live!

Just when we'd give
All thankfulness of heart for yet awhile to live—

Comes the sad messenger on shadowy wing—
Throwing a somber sadness over all—
Hushing the voices that of late did sing
And stilling the answer to a loved one's call.

Dear, dear ones all—
Just when we need you most you're gone
beyond our call!

So the sad heart echoes its grief and pain,
Its heavy sorrow, borne, alas, alone!
The old-time joys are called—recalled in vain;
They fade away with vanished look or tone,
The heart's sad moan

Pierces the drifting clouds up, up, unto the Throne.

Kansas City, Mo., 1898.

BEYOND THE CLOUDS.

(Tribute to the Memory of the Late Mrs. Lily Lord Tiffet.)

THERE are so many passing every year!—
So much of light withdrawn that
darkness falls;
So much of joy withdrawn its loss
appalls,—
And wraps us in a sad, sad atmosphere.

Here evils mar the beauty of the day!—
Bold Death! why enter where the good and
true
Work daily, hourly, surely to undo
The evils against which we always pray.

There was a picture drawn of efforts grand—
Of Love and Charity and kindly deeds
That met all comers howe'er great their
needs,
And ministered always at Want's command.

That was but yesterday! But now, alas!
The central figure of the picture's flown—
We thought to hold it ever as our own,
But, like a summer cloud, we saw it pass.

Honored and blessed in her lone widowhood;—
So firm of purpose, strong in rightful ways—
Devoting all her energies and days,
In doing all that she could do of good.

Her life was eloquent—her voice was sweet—
Her friendship balm to the o'er burdened
heart;
Strange wonders when the loved and trusting
part,
Their loss is gain! Beyond the clouds they
meet!

Buffalo, February, 1899.



MEMORIES OF A MOTHER'S LOVE.

(Lines on the Death of Mrs. Louise Newell O'Day.)

 PERFECT life—to duty faithful,
true;
The crown of womanhood all glorified;
And nothing that her busy hands could do
Was left undone—and so the mother died
Amid the blossoms of her home,
In sweetest bloom, the parent flower died.

Nearing the confines of the grave, that life
Might blossom from the shadow and the
 pain,
The loving parent, friend, and loyal wife—
 So near—cross'd o'er, never to come again,
 Save through the mem'ries of her love,
We may not see her face and form again.

All the bright activities—timely care,—
 The helping hand in sorrow's heavy hour;
The word of sympathy—her gen'rous share
 In kindly deeds; the spirit and the power,
 Gave to her work a christian grace—
A light which hallowed most her parting hour.

Oh! glorious hope! Precious Word of God!
 Oh, faith! that leads us when the light is
 given;
We see the pathway that the saints have trod—
 We know that lov'd ones wait for us in
 heaven—
 Watching for friends that linger here—
Waiting for them in homes prepared in heaven.



LOVE AND HOPE.

(Lines on the Death of Mrs. Ida Zeller-Lund.)

 WIFE and mother in a curtained room,
 Where Death and Silence rested for
 a while,
 I saw. But could not feel a shock of
 gloom;
 For, lo! I fancied I could see a smile
 Rest on the lips and brighten that cold face—
 As oft 'twas seen, in days of happy grace.

Her joyous soul was speaking through the cold
 And chill of death. Showing the great
 delight

Her spirit felt, as saints have done of old,
 Passing to Heaven in their sudden flight.
 And on the dear face of that loving wife
 A calm, sweet smile told of the other life.

Grand and glorious thought! Love never dies!
 But cheers us on through many weary days.
 And, oh, that smile; a message from the skies—
 Quickly the heart reads what that message
 says,

Ah, Love and Hope shine through that face so
fair—

Yes, Love and Hope for those who sorrow
there.

Love lived and blossomed to a gorgeous bloom
And all things bright and fair were with her
here;

Sorrows passed and touched not—cares left no
gloom,

And threat'ning shadows could arouse no
fear.

Her home and child—her husband and her
friends—

Gave all of joy and all that joy extends.

Patient and trusting—strong in Love's decree;
Bright'ning the household with a touch
divine;

Lifting the burdens that bore heavily
On those she dearly loved. The deeds that
shine

And form a character so sweet and pure
Give friends the strength to suffer and endure.

Buffalo, January, 1898.



SISTER MODESTA.

 PPROACH with reverential step and
awe
A bier whereon a lovely form is laid:
Lovingly come, for in her life she
saw

A pathway that the angels sure had made.
Hope came with her and joy she would renew,
As those oppressed wept long where sorrow
lies,—
Rich in good deeds and pure as morning's dew
She passed beyond. Look we into the skies,
Her angel voice will reach us from the skies.

Sister Modesta! Ah, she cheered the poor—
The more than poor, the orphaned waifs of
fate.

She went a suppliant from door to door—
Her work was early and it ended late.
How many rosaries would it take to count
The loving deeds of one as weak as she?
How many hearts inspired by joy to mount
The heavenly portals and its glories see
To view the glories which we all may see.

Orphans of a city! Deserted quite!
No thoughtful mother watches o'er their
ways—
Those little wayward ways, not far from right,
Yet all too far for strangers e'er to praise.
Sweet Sister, lying there so cold, so calm,
Was to those children always kind and true,
For all their sufferings she had a balm,
And all their sorrows came for her review—
Quick she assuaged their sorrows in review.

Come, let us gaze once more upon her face,
Sweet face, so bright and joyous too, in
life;—
No grief is there—no sorrow can we trace—
In this deep sleep is closed all mortal strife.
So ends a life devoted to endure—
Her work is over in this sleep of rest.
Farewell, sweet Sister, ever bright and pure,
Eternal joys await you with the blest,
A crown of glory waits you with the blest.
Buffalo, Nov., 1897.



IN MISSOURI, LONG AGO.

THE men of old Missouri!
Are hearty, brave and true,
With sturdy, manly manners,
And friendship fresh and new;
Their generous smiles for strangers
Are kind when luck is low—
This is what I learned of men
In Missouri, long ago.

Kentucky gave her gen'rous men—
Virginia's sons are there—
While Eastern men have sought the State
Its enterprise to share;
And Louisiana, from the Gulf,
Sent traders there, you know
And Mississippi bartered free—
In Missouri, long ago.

Ah, friends of old Missouri,
I've known your sturdy ways;
Your friendship is a memory
I cherish and I praise.

I've known you to defend the truth
Your sense of right to show,
When upright ways were battled for—
In Missouri, long ago.

And friends of Kansas City,
I mourn with you today,
The loss of Col. Gaston,
Dead at Nauheim, far away.
True to your soil, he cherished
All loving traits. And so
His last thoughts were of friendships made—
In Missouri, long ago.

So kind and gentle always—
Hopeful, manly, brave—
His words were ever ready
As his hand to lift and save.
For he felt the worth of manhood,
And taught it, this I know,
For I knew him, and I loved him—
In Missouri, long ago.
Buffalo, August, 1899.



IN MEMORY OF "FARMER BAKER."

 E LOVED mankind, and hope was in
his song;
His words came to us full of joyous
cheer;
The chords he touched will vibrate all
along
Our pathway, howe'er long we loiter here.

Prompt to respond, he gave a brother's hand;
He strengthened many weary hearts in subtle
ways,
Bewitchingly he waved a poet's wand,
And soothingly he sang his welcome lays.
And he who sang so cheerily and free
Has left a legacy of good behind,
So may his epitaph, when written, be:
He gave a brother's hand; he loved mankind.
Buffalo, February, 1898.



THE MEN BEHIND THE GUNS.

(When the boat's crew of the warship Brooklyn, after securing the standard compass from the wreck of the Infanta Maria Teresa, the flagship of Admiral Cervera, presented the rescued marine guide to Commodore Schley. That noted sea commander said with a trembling voice: "I am much obliged to you, but the great credit of that victory belongs to you, boys—the men behind the guns. Without you no laurels would come to our country.")

THE thunders of that Sabbath morn—
That morn so bright, so calm, so
fair—
Told that the Spanish ships, in scorn,
Had come, like bloodhounds, from their lair;
And Sampson's men, Columbia's sons,
Sprang, rallying there, behind the guns.

On, on, they come! Determined foe!—
One chance for freedom on the seas—
They strive to give us blow for blow,
But two for one we give with ease,
And thundering where Teresa runs,
Our seamen stand behind the guns!

New York, the flagship, where was she?—
Look eastward! Ah, she's miles away;

But Sampson reads the signal free—
From ships now rushing to the fray—
“The foe escapes!” But noble ones
Are ready there behind the guns!

And quickly now the words go back,
In answer to the signal there;
“Close on the enemy-attack!”
And cannon’s voices fill the air.
For men die fast when hot blood runs—
And freemen stand behind the guns!

Impatient, Sampson views the gleam
Of burning ships in deadly line;
His heart throbs faster than the steam
Forced on by furnace glow and shine.
And all around war’s noble sons
Stand grim and fierce behind the guns!

Schley, on the Brooklyn, giving blows,
That made the foemen faint and reel,
Knew, as every brave man knows,
What joy of heart would Sampson feel
Could he be with the foremost sons
Who fought and stood behind the guns!

The Spanish ships along the shore,
Burned by fire and smashed by shell,
Are blackened pyres and nothing more—

Yet some are dying where they fell.
Brave but misguided Spanish sons,
You lost when freemen manned the guns!

And while our warships plow the seas,
And valor holds its glorious sway;
And while "Old Glory" feels the breeze,
That wafts brave thoughts back o'er the
way--

The Nation's safe when freedom's sons
Stand man to man behind the guns!

Buffalo, July, 1898.



WHEN JOHNNY GETS HIS GUN.

WHEN Johnny gets his gun, look out,
There's bound to be a fuss,
For Johnny is in earnest when
He holds his "blunderbuss!"
His martial air is wonderful;
His smile upsets all fun,
And things assume a warlike air,
When Johnny gets his gun!

In softer moods our John is calm--
He's sportive, gay and good,

And acts with much propriety--
A freeman always should!
When yachting he will never "load"
His vessel on the run,
But saves his efforts till the time
He wants to "load" his gun.

He's sturdy on the baseball field,
And football plays with vim;
In "cricket," too, he doth excel
All sports a-field suit him.
But in the battle van, for right,
He makes the foemen run,
And, oh, the triumph of that hour
When Johnny gets his gun!

In wild adventure John delights,
He loves to travel, too,
And, when exploring, always keeps
The North Pole up to view!
And, as for loving Liberty—
He's freedom's honest son!
And down will go its enemies,
When Johnny gets his gun!

He fought the Spaniards—vanquished
them,
With vigor and dispatch,

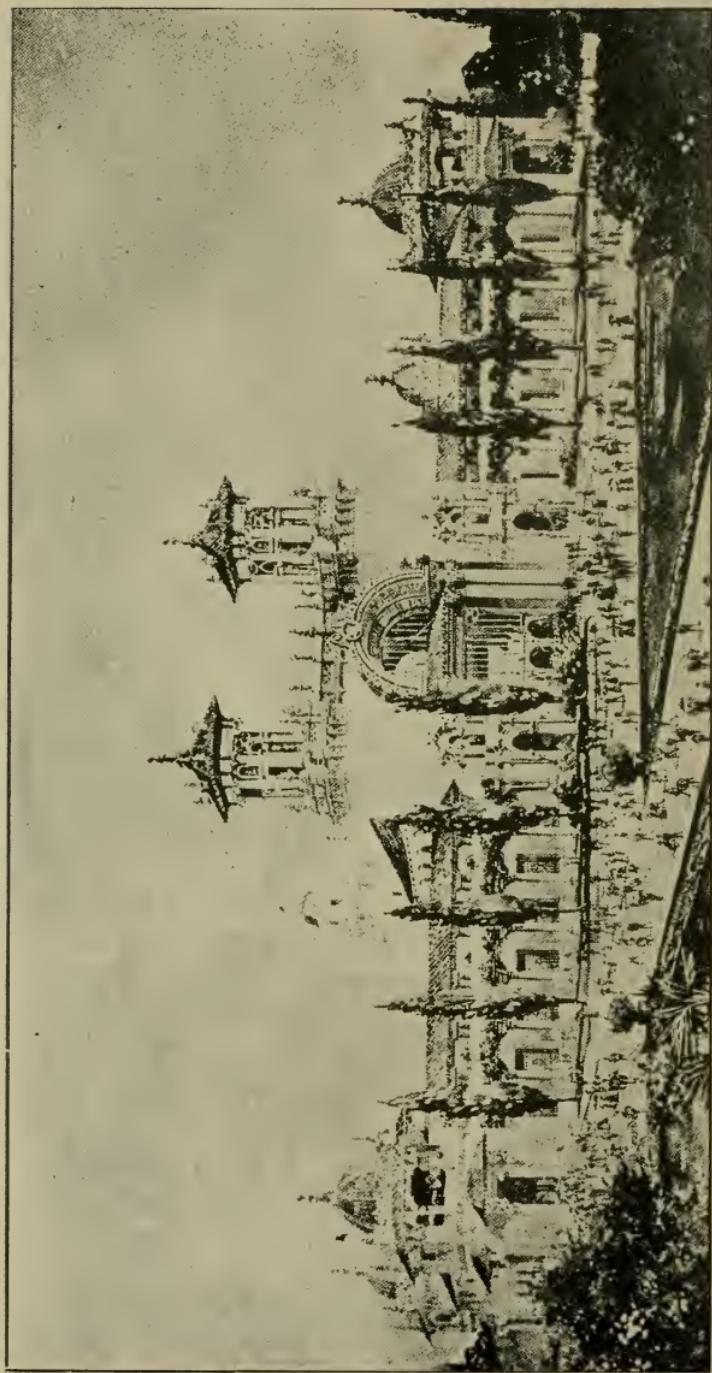
And fought the Filipinos—when
These sprinters he could catch.
But there is Aguinaldi, sure,
He's always on the run,
And keeps ahead of bullets since
Our Johnny's got his gun!



SO SPLENDID ON PARADE.

 'M a soldier! I'm a soldier! I'm a soldier
of the Guards,
I parade and drill, parade and drill, and
frolic with my pards.
And as we march along the streets, "Eyes
right!" the captains call,
And all our eyes, their glances right, on pretty
maidens fall.

I'm a soldier! I'm a soldier! I'm a soldier of
the line,
In drilling we're proficient—we're proficient,
tall and fine.
And at our balls and parties we are nimble on
our feet,
At "right and left" and "forward all" you'll
find us quite complete!



ELECTRICITY BUILDING, PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION.

I'm a soldier! I'm a soldier! I'm a soldier
tried and true;

My regimental suit—my suit is always bright
and new.

My military air is such I'm termed an "upper
grade;"

But people say I'm fit for war—so splendid on
parade!

I'm a soldier! I'm a soldier! I'm a soldier of
the Guards,

In battle, yes, in battle, I will line up with my
pards.

And though we love to dance, parade and
court the lovely girls,

You'll find us rallying quickly when our battle
flag unfurls!

THE BRAVE ONES LEFT BEHIND.

THE drums are beating and the Guards
are marching down the street,
The banner, bright and new, is held
aloft for all to greet,
And, as the band begins to play some stirring,
martial air,

Joy seems to rule the hour then, and all seems
bright and fair.
That swinging march of soldiers as they pass in
steady line
Tells of a dauntless spirit and a courage true
and fine;
That eager look, that cheerful smile, betoken
valor grand,
And all are proud defenders of freedom's
glorious land.

Is there a sign of sadness viewed in all that
moving throng?
Is there a grief that does not to that martial
scene belong?
Is there no weeping mother and no wife with
tears that blind—
No little ones, all lonely, too, with those now
left behind?

Sad scenes of parting do not come beneath a
stranger's gaze—
Within the home a fond embrace—a kiss—a
word of praise,
And then the tears resistlessly from loving eyes
must flow,
With words impassioned from the heart, “How
can I let you go?”

There's courage on the battlefield, amid the
clash and roar;
There's courage on the armored ship—on ocean
and on shore;
But when the brave ones of the war are 'listed
can you find,
No names of those who bravely weep in sorrow,
left behind?

Buffalo, May 13, 1898.



A SHRINE WHERE VOWS ARE MADE.

THE "boys" are ready for the fun,
The powder has been passed around,
And now, 'tis told, the last big gun
In its embrasure may be found.
The sea brings back the shouts of men
Who've gone to man Columbia's boats;
The rock-bound coast resounds, and then
High over all Old Glory floats.

If to the world the word is said
The Maine by treachery went down,
That those brave lads who now are dead,
Perished 'neath Hate's revengeful frown,
Each man, each gun, each saber there,

Moved and aroused by martial notes,
Will brave malignant Cuba's air,
And strike where grand Old Glory floats.

That sacred wreck will be to those
Who to Havana's port will sail
A beacon light a sailor knows
Who seeks safe shelter from the gale.
'Twill be a shrine where vows are made,
That those who kill in friendly boats
Must fall by Freedom's flashing blade,
Wherever Freedom's banner floats.
Buffalo, March, 1898.



THE NURSE OF THE VOLUNTEERS.

HE had tended the soldiers by flickering lamp,
Through the weary watches of night;
She had waited with patience the stir
of the camp,
And the dawn of the morning's light,
And the roar of the cannon, the distant shout,
The crash of the shot and the shell,
All told of the enemy's charge and his rout—
And oh, of the dead as well.

And the nurse who is fragile, weary and worn,
Who soothed in a womanly way,
Now prayed in the glow of another morn
For the strength for another day.
She prayed for the soldier now racked with
 pain,
And the one with the fever's fires;
For the helpless men who never again
 Would behold their village spires.

Physicians will tell how grandly she worked,
 Of her calmness all free from fear,
Of her bravery, too, where the dangers lurked,
 'Mid the fever's deadly career.
Gallant ones, give them tribute that's due—
 Admiring the spirit to save;
Defend and protect, and honor them, too,
 The nurses who tended the brave!
Buffalo, December, 1898.



DEWEY, COME THIS WAY.

 H, DEWEY, true, is coming!
 There's a mighty lot of drumming—
From along the seacoast front is sent
 a murmur of the sea!
It riseth and it falleth,

From every point it calleth—
“Oh, Dewey! Dewey! Dewey! do come hither
unto me!”

From San Francisco City,
There comes the soulful ditty—
You can hear it on the levee and far out
upon the bay;
They’re frantic in their gestures,
They’re wild in their investitures—
For it’s “Dewey! Dewey! Dewey! when you’re
coming, come this way!”

In Boston town, ’tis curious,
The people there grow furious—
Grow curious and furious raising there a pretty
muss;
The school marms they are in it,
They sing each passing minute
“Now, Dewey! Dewey! Dewey! oh, do come
and visit us!”

From Baltimore, the gracious,
Philadelphia, the tenacious,
And Charlestown, where the Raleigh scraped
her keel the other day;
From ev’ry town and village
Where pirate crafts could pillage,—
It is “Dewey! Dewey! Dewey! oh, we pray
you come this way!”

New York looks on serenely—
Her smiles are quaint and queenly—
While she gazes o'er the waters like a goddess
 fair and free,
Columbia's torch is burning
 For Dewey's safe returning,
And thy tomb, oh, Grant, the hero, a hero
 first should see!

Buffalo, May, 1899.



VERY MUCH TO DO.

OW, really, Uncle Samuel,
 You've very much to do,
As the protocols' accepted
 And peace is now in view.
There's the smoothing of the ruffles
 That has caused such discontent,
And the shaking off of bother,
 And restoring calm intent.

You must educate the Cubans,
 The Spaniards tolerate;
You must feed the concentrados,
 Teach love instead of hate,

You must sugar-coat the grumbling,
 You must pacify complaints,
And praise the pictures painted
 While disliking him who paints.

You must teach those crabs of Cuba
 To crawl and make no noise;
You must clean the filthy cities,
 And build where man destroys.
You must hold the speculators
 In firm and steady check;
You must calm the over zealous,
 And save the spoils of wreck.

You must tell the politicians
 That peace must now restore
The tangled web of policies
 With dreams of wealth galore.
Now, really, Uncle Samuel
 You've very much to do,
Since the protocol's accepted
 And peace is now in view.



SIGSBEE SAW THE LIGHT.

HE Spanish fleet is bottled,
And the cork is jammed down
tight—
There's nothing left for us to do
But
 Fight!
 Fight!
 Fight!

The troops for Cuba hurry,
Their steps are quick and light,
Ah, mind you, they're in earnest and—
Will

 Fight!
 Fight!
 Fight!

At Santiago Sigsbee saw
A longed-for pretty sight,
He told the fleet, and one and all
Said—

 Fight!
 Fight!
 Fight!

A CONTROVERSY IN RHYME.

ON THE SEABOARD, NEAR THE SOUND.

N THE seaboard, near the Sound—
 Oh, New York! Oh, New York!
Our flag we'll rally round—
 Oh, New York! Oh, New York!
 “Excelsior” floating high—
We will strive to do or die,
While the Dons are hov'ring nigh—
 Oh, New York! Oh, New York!

Sons of freemen! Fly to save—
 Oh, New York! Oh, New York!
While the foemen rant and rave—
 Oh, New York! Oh, New York!
Give us bayonets, give us guns,
And the rallying of your sons
Will be swift as water runs—
 Oh, New York! Oh, New York!

Gen. Miles says of your coast—
 Oh, New York! Oh, New York!
“It's defenseless!” This our boast—
 Oh, New York! Oh, New York!

Our arms your bulwarks are,
And no foe from lands afar
Your beauteous front shall mar,
Oh, New York! Oh, New York!
Buffalo, February 23, 1898.

IN THE CITY BY THE LAKE.

In the city by the lake—
Buffalo! O, Buffalo!
One brave mortal is awake—
Buffalo! O, Buffalo!
Waving freedom's flag on high,
With a wild light in his eye,
Hear him shout the battle cry!
Buffalo! O, Buffalo!

Sons of freemen! Give him guns—
Buffalo! O, Buffalo!
Give him bayonets and buns—
Buffalo! O, Buffalo!
Rally to his battle call,
Follow after, one and all,
Till the last armed Don shall fall—
Buffalo! O, Buffalo.

Mr. "S." says: "Fly to save!"
Buffalo! O, Buffalo!

“While the foemen rant and rave”—

Buffalo! O, Buffalo!

With our guns beneath our wings,
And our swords tied on with strings,
We are flying while he sings—

Buffalo! O, Buffalo!

J. WILEY OWEN.

South Wales, N. Y., Feb. 26, 1898.

A POET'S FLIGHT.

Wiley Owen flies to save,
And bears his gun beneath his wings;
He goes, a birdling, bold and brave,
And ties his sword with cotton strings.
Brave youth! South Wales will see you fly,
With shouts that cheer and words most gay;
We'll meet in Cuba, you and I—
Be sure you do not miss the way!

For I'm afraid your angel wings
Will be impeded as you go;
And swords secured by cotton strings
Are not secure enough, you know.
But try it! And I'll watch your flight,
All ready for the foe or fun;
And, if you get there, day or night,
I'll see you'll get the 'foresaid bun!'

TO A FELLOW WARRIOR.

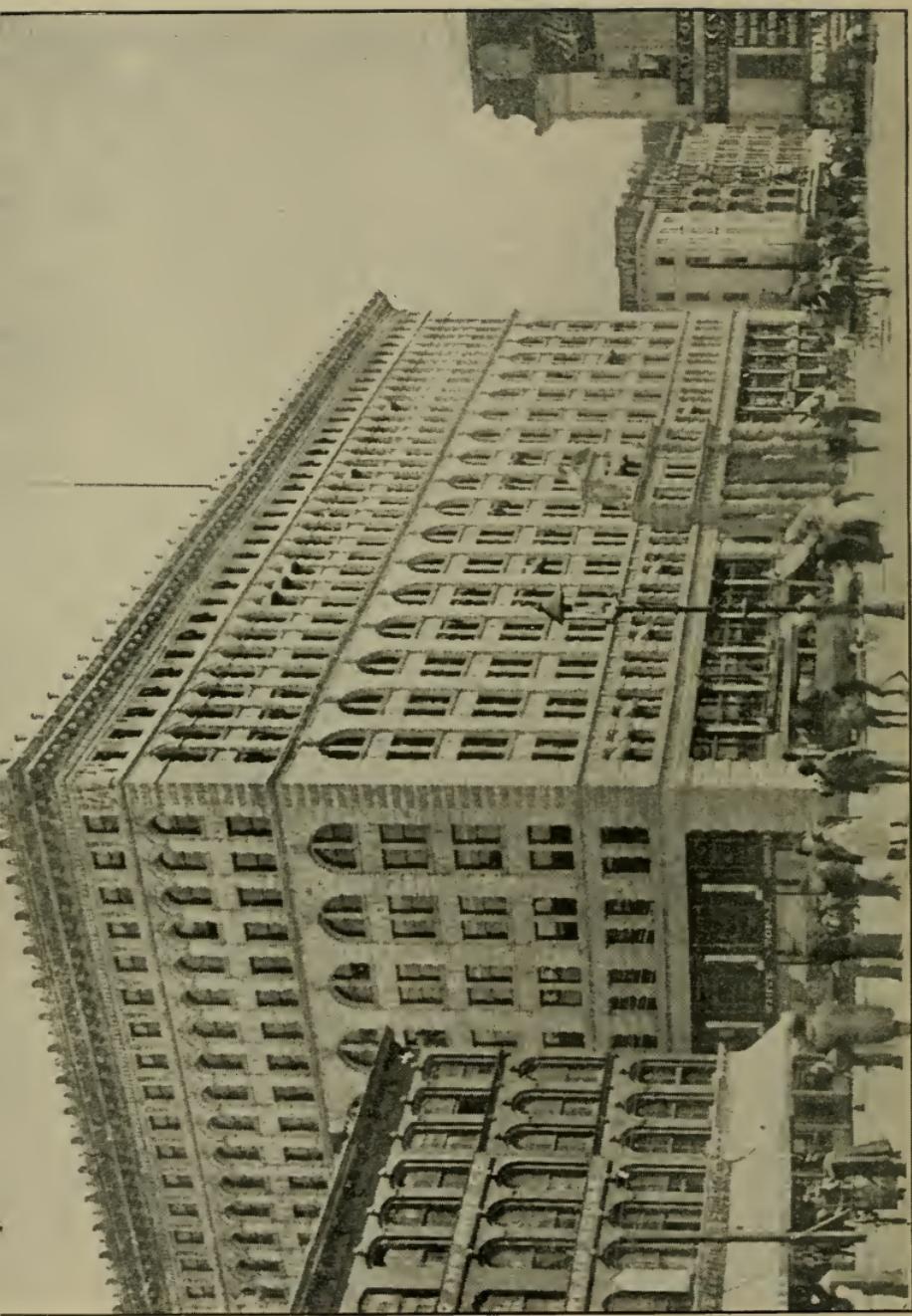
I remember, I remember, just before the war
begun,
Of a man who said in Cuba he would meet
me;
He promised when he met me he would treat
me to a bun,
And he rather intimated he would beat me.
Fighting Spaniards on the island, if it ever
comes to war,
Well, the war has come and gone, which
you're aware of:
But we didn't meet in Cuba, Mr. "S" and I,
for
We stayed at home, and that's the reason
thereof.

But I did my share of fighting, for I sunk
Montejo's ships
In two hundred dactyl feet of flowing
rhythm;
And with irony had I twisted slender similes
into whips,
And lashed the bloomin' bay to frenzy with
'em.
I hurled huge semi-colons and periods galore
Against the solid walls of old Cavite;

And I blew the forts to atoms with a crazy
metaphor
And hyperboles and visions rather flighty.

With many a dash I led the muse on famous
San Juan,
And sent the Spaniards crying for their
mammas;
I hacked and stabbed and slashed the bloomin'
coward Dons who ran,
With sharp-edged exclamation points and
commas;
I safely penned Cevera's fleet in Santiago bay,
And when he tried to cut his little caper,
I chased him on iambic feet and flayed him on
the way,
And spread the wreck on seven sheets of
paper.

Mr. "S." what have you done while the boys
have been away?
I haven't noticed any of your fighting;
Now won't you point your pencil at the Philip-
pines some day?
And just be kind o' careful of your sighting;
Load it full of mental bomb shells that will
carry 'cross the sea,
And fire a ringin' volley at the heathen;



ELLIOTT SQUARE BUILDING AND MAIN STREET.

If you hit the mark, the native (mark my point) will turn and flee,
And you'll be right in (writin') lines along with me then.

There is trouble in the Philippines, the heathen
“rant and rage;”

In the jingle they are hiding, lurking, fighting;

I have hurled at them hyperboles from many a rhyme-bored page,

But they're flying Spanish-wild at present writing.

So hasten, “fly to save,” with your rhyme-wings soaring high;

Let your word-edged saber through the heathen tingle;

And we'll just divide that promised bun in Buffalo by and by,

If the editor don't slay me for my jingle.

J. WILEY OWEN.

BOMBS THAT DID NOT KILL.

J. Wiley Owen—while you write of men
Your points seem touched with a too pointed pen.

How could I ever in my quiet way
Hope to match you when you begin to slay!

The Spanish fleet went down! Who wonders here?

Your rhymes were ready and your dashes clear:
No one could doubt the issue when he saw
Your verse, in punctuation, showed no flaw;
Your victory in similes was so plain
That doubt was only in the number slain!

I did not go to Cuba! That is true!
And so, you say, the same is told of you.
I cheered the boys along, as best I could.
I knew they and their record would be good—
And then I turned, with feelings true and kind,
To try and cheer the girls they left behind!
While you, more bold, subdued your agitation,
And won hard battles—in imagination.

But I have fired persistently each day
Since gentle peace went outward and away;
Have aimed at enemies on every side
And those at home who seemed so full of pride.
But mental bombs kill not across the sea
And so my graveyards do not bother me.

Ah, let the Filipinos “rant and rage,”
The boys in blue will stick like mucilage!
I’ve joined the phalanx that must find relief

From all thy evils, "Refrigerated Beef"
The army boys have failed to "keep you
down,"
And could not hold you till they cooked you
brown.

They tried persuasion. Ah, you would not stay,
But crawled in many forms to get away!
And soon the cooks declared they liked you
most

When they could see you dripping in a
"roast!"

Embalming showed that "skippers" found the
life

That followed death from stroke of packer's
knife!

And foul disease arrested not the sale
Of meat whose odors mingled with the gale,
And thus it was until the packer's art
Revealed a point that pleased the packer's
heart!

And so, dear Wiley, you shall have the bun,
And still I'm ownin' something for the fun;
But where your bold iambic feet may stray
I'll "fly to save" your metaphors at bay!

Buffalo, March, 1899.



I WANT TO GO FISHING TODAY.

THERE'S a languorous feeling and sultry air,
In office and store and street;
There's a longing for shores where the winds are fair,
And cooling sands for the feet.
There's the swish of the waves and the splash of the oars,
The sound of a distant call;
There's the far-away cloud that gently soars,
And the blue that covers all.
And, oh, as I look from my window high,
And watch the clouds at play,
There comes from my heart such a rising sigh—
I want to go fishing today.

I strive to banish the thought of a line
That leads to the lair of the bass;
I think of the dangers that may be mine,
Ere the island's head I pass
But, oh, that bare-footed boy that comes
With his rod, has stirred me again
And I sing once more the song that he hums,

And I long to be in his train.
For memory launched a silvery boat
 On a sea that is bright and gay—
The happiest man I would be afloat,
 Could I but go fishing today.
Buffalo, June, 1899.



THE DREAD CANADIAN FLY.

HERE is a time in summer days
 When river streams are warm and
 nice,
 When sunlight on the water plays,
 And all the joys of shores entice—
At such a time, when clouds go by,
 Comes here the dread Canadian fly.

Crush them! And a million more
 Come floating in from everywhere;
Like ghosts from off a viewless shore—
 They flutter, fall, then disappear,
And every footfall, passing by,
 Leaves there the dead Canadian fly.

What shades the lamps? Ah, do not ask
 Of those who live in Buffalo town.
What darkens windows? See the mask
 Of flies that come and nestle down.
The gossips tell, with long-drawn sigh,
It is the dread Canadian fly!

“Exterminate!” You can’t. Ah, no.
Strange is their entrance—exit, too,
You cannot see them come or go—
 They’re here, and that alone is true!
Do what you will—all methods try—
Still comes the dread Canadian fly.

They thought to train the fish to kill
 The eggs! But fish cannot be led;
They thought that lights would lure. They
 will!
 But only when their wings are spread!
And other methods they would try
To hive the dread Canadian fly!

Some thought of nets! Imprison them!
They come and go at their sweet will!
De Barry’s power can never stem
 These contract workers without skill!
And now thy site, old Front, must die,
Because of thee—Canadian fly!

Canadians guard their fish and game—
Their Klondike claims—so strange, so new—
Now let them treat these pests the same,
And frame their laws to keep them, too!
Then will our summer days pass by
Free from the dread Canadian fly!

Buffalo, April, 1899.



LILIUOKALANI AT THE FALLS.

 IL-I-U-O-KA-LA-NI looked at the falls
and smiled,
For an instant roaring waters all her
senses there beguiled;
And the crowns of all the princes in
the world seemed rushing by,
As the mists of falling waters, rolling upward,
met the sky!

Lil-i-u-o-ka-la-ni saw the crown of her loved
isle,
It was the last that passed, and that's what
caused that queenly smile—
To think that such a vision should be called at
such a time,

When hearts are awed and humbled amid
scenes the most sublime!

Lil-i-u-o-ka-la-ni called her maid close to her
side,

And to a question that she asked that anxious
maid replied;

But, ah, no answer could be heard amid the
roar and rumble—

And Lil remarked: “Oh, what a place for
crowns to take a tumble!”

And as the foaming waters ran along its narrow
bed,

Queen Lil watched close the eddies and again
she smiling, said:

“Magnificent and great are these, the huge and
fallen rocks,

But there’s the ‘pool’ to ‘water’ all the bank-
rupt royal stocks!”

Lil-i-u-o-ka-la-ni was so jocose all that day,
That when a rainbow’s colors could be seen
amid the spray,

She said, as arched that rainbow o’er the mist-
drops falling down:

“The promise of the rainbow is I’ll win
Hawaii’s crown!”

But as the rainbow melted there while gazed
Hawaii's queen,
She seemed more gay than sad the while as all
looked on the scene;
And then she said: "Ah, well a-day, my hope
seems almost over;
I'll paint the broken bow and send one-half of
it to Grover!"

Buffalo, January, 1897.



"THE MAN WITH HIS HAT IN HIS
HAND."

[Suggested by reading Clark Howell's speech delivered in
Buffalo on December 21, 1899.]

UNCOVERED his head!—his hat in his
hand!
He leans 'gainst a tree near the
wood,
While memory recalls where legions
had formed,
Where men of the Southland stood.

Scenes of the past and hopes that had been
Inspiring thoughts long ago
Passed like the red of the cannon's dread
mouth,
And the battlefield's crimson flow.

For here was a scene of another kind,—
In the glow when the day was done,
Those shadowy forms in battle array,
Had changed with the setting sun.

He offered his life for his Southland then!
Fought true to the cause and vow,
And gives with a prayer—his hat in his hand,
His son to the Nation now.

And the brightest gleam of that sunset eve
Streamed over the men at drill,
And the Southland boy in his coat of blue
And the man by the tree so still.

Statue heroic and figure of truth!—
So noble and great and grand,
You give to us here a picture that tells
The glory of all the land!

Repeating the song of freedom anew,
You hear from the earth and trees
The Voice of Faith which patriots heard
When Our Flag first felt the breeze.

And the vision that comes in the twilight there,
Is seen through the word of command,
As the troops mark time with the heart of
him—

The man with his hat in his hand!

Buffalo, January, 1900.



DO NOT WAIT FOR DOGS TO BITE.

PRAY, do not wait for dogs to bite
To prove that dogs are mad!—
Is a trite and homely maxim,
With sense that is not bad.
But every day some person stands
Contending that he's right—
That rabid dogs cannot be known
Until they really bite!

And men will, in a dogged way,
Refuse the law's restraint,
And if they're asked to muzzle dogs
They wail a loud complaint.
It takes so much convincing and
Such proof that truth's no fad,
That men will wait for dogs to bite
To prove that dogs are mad!

Yes, Dryden once profoundly said,
Discarding thoughts of cure;
“In being mad, the madmen know,
There is a pleasure sure!”
And Goldsmith wrote about a dog
And pique that once began
Between the mongrel, whelp or hound,
And friend, a Christian man!

The dog to gain his private ends
Went mad, and bit the hand
Of that old friend who kindly spoke,
But never to command.
And now, to show how wondrously
Are canine plans defiled—
“The man recovered of the bite;
The dog it was that died!”

But this is not a common case;—
It only goes to show
The fate that waits upon the dog
That bites a friend, you know,
And those who plan to save from harm
And keep the households glad,
Say: “Do not wait for dogs to bite
To prove that dogs go mad!”
Buffalo, October, 1899.



THE CHARITY BALL.

THEY laughed and they danced the
merry night through,
And they danced till the day was
dawning;
And they laughed till the sky showed its
ruffles of blue,
And a light in the East showed the morning.

Dame Rumor was there with a sneer on her
lip—

She was jealous of joy that was hearty,
She whispered a word, just to give them a tip,
And watched its effect on the party.

The word sped along and next day o'er the
town
Consternation and wonder were blending;
Dame Rumor passed on with the self-same
frown,
And rejoiced that joy had an ending.

Dame Rumor was busy last year just the same—
What a fearful old jade she is, truly—

She cares not what scorn may attach to her
name—

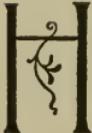
In fact, she is always unruly!

At a Charity Ball meek Charity should
 Make brighter the glow of the tapers,
And there Old Dame Rumor (if only she
 would),
Should stop kicking up her vile capers!
Buffalo, January 2, 1897.



ONE OF THE CITY'S POOR.

[A Picture from the Charity Distribution of the News.]

 E wouldn't support his family,
 He just idled ev'ry day,
And what he did no one could tell—
 He never had much to say,
He'd shuffle round and his movements,
 Told of a lingering doubt—
Whether he should when out go in,
 Or whether when in go out!

But, if you wanted to find him,
 And he was not then in sight,

You never could fail to see him
At a beer saloon at night.
Not that he ever was tipsy,
Or stagg'ring about, you know;
But only a little muddled,
From a "treater's" overflow!

He never had dimes for spending,
And his "score" was lost lang syne,
For no one would trust a "shiftless,"
Once caught on the "treater's" line!
And so he shuffled and ambled,
And loitered away his time—
He wasn't really a criminal,
But lived on the edge of crime!

"His home?" Ah, here is a tender
Tale of a love divine!
"His wife?" A woman who married
A lover below her line,
And the lover spent her fortune,
In his careless sort of way—
Till wife and poverty, face to face,
Greeted each other one day!

She never complained! Devotion
Sat on her brow a seal,
Her lover was still her lover,
She was his for woe or weal,

Though reared in the lap of fortune,
With delicate form and hands,
She learned to work for her children—
The tenderest of demands!

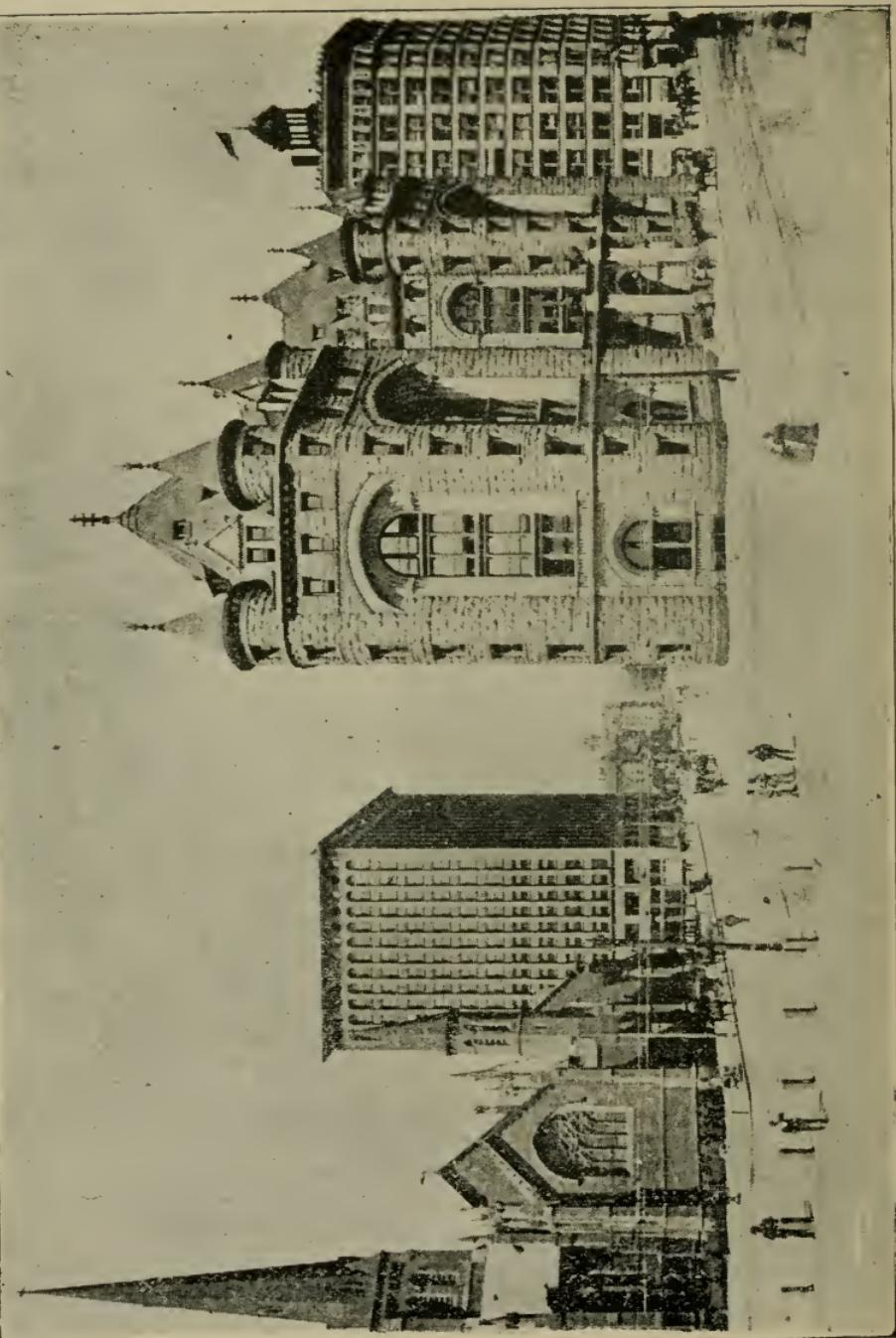
Ah, there in the line of claimants
For the charity of the town,
That noble woman is waiting
With modest eyes cast down.
At length she's caught in the surging—
She is forced to the open door—
And humbly she asks, and tells them,
She's one of the city's poor!
Buffalo, February, 1897.



IF THE WIND DON'T BLOW.

[At the Junction of Niagara Street and Main.]

E came down town one morning in a
light and gleesome mood,
His overcoat unbuttoned and no
gloves upon his hands,
On Main street he was quizzical, but never,
never rude—
At Niagara street he lingered where the Erie
Bank now stands.



ST. PAUL'S CHURCH.

PRUDENTIAL BUILDING.

ERIE COUNTY SAVINGS BANK.

D. S. MORGAN BUILDING.

His teeth began to chatter,
 His hat flew down the street,
He made a grab—a clatter—
 'Gainst those he chanced to meet,
His coat he buttoned fiercely,
 And he muttered amid the snow:
“Ah, never mind the weather
 If the wind don't blow!”

She was lovely in her beauty, the next one that
 came near,
She knew of “Love and Duty” and she
 walked with little fear;
Her hat appeared so jaunty—on her forehead
 fell a curl,
And a loosely folded scarf was on the neck
 of that sweet girl.

But then the wind came whistling
 With a fearful sweep and swirl,
I saw that maiden blushing
 As she smoothed that flying curl;
And then, a little further on,
 She said amid the snow:
“Ah, never mind the weather
 If the wind don't blow!”

Buffalo, February 5, 1895.



THE NEW GRAND ISLAND BRIDGE.

WELCOME! Thrice welcome! Congressmen and friends!
All Buffalo with hearty hands a hearty shake extends!
This city, Queen of Lakes, 'tis true is cold in winter's snow,
But warm the greeting is to those "Put off at Buffalo!"

We'd rather you had come when spring or summer blooms were on,
For really then this city is most fair to look upon.
But river, lake and lawn have charms the winter's frost might pass,
For warmth of friendship is not marked by mercury in the glass!

The river, when the sun is warm and softer breezes play,
Is sure to tempt the anglers forth, those idlers of a day,

But as the spring is some weeks off, with all
her stores of wiles,
We'll still rejoice as best we may and "bridge"
the time with smiles!

We've much to show you, Congressmen, while
you may linger near,
But "steering committees" are not professional
out here.
Yet, as the men who've charge of things are
men of heart and soul,
They'll prove to be proficient in "Committee
of the Whole."

But here are elevators grand and railways, too,
galore,
And here's the gateway for the grain that from
the West doth pour,
And here's the mouth of that canal that bears
its commerce free,
Which some contend is yet to float the ships
that pass at sea!

And here's the mighty river famed in history
and song—
You should see it in the summer time and hear
it swish along,
And there's the Island just below, asleep in
solitude,

Where Trade has said: "Awake! Awake! I
hope I don't intrude!"

But here I leave the party, to return o'er field
and ridge,

While others tell the story of the new Grand
Island Bridge.

Buffalo, February 4, 1898.



THE SPARROW AND THE ROBIN.

THE birds are hastening forward—
They are seen on lawn and tree;
The robin and the bluebird,
The swallow flying free.
They skim along the meadows,
They pause in trees abloom,
They skip upon the growing grass,
And hide in forest gloom.

They haste to haunts they know so well,
Scare waiting to take rest;
They wing their flight and anxiously
They seek the old home-nest.

* * * * *

A Robin to a Sparrow said :

“Why do you linger here
Amid the snows and bitter storms,
And hunger, all the year?

“Why don’t you seek the warmer climes,
Where softer blows the wind ;
Where food is plenty, and the sun
Shines gentle, warm and kind ?”

The busy Sparrow paused awhile,
Then said : “Romantic friend,
Your questions interest me so
A willing ear I lend.

“Here is my home. I love it, and
I cannot go away ;
These neighbors and their children are
My care from day to day.

“My wants are few. I do not long
For joy that travel lends ;
I only care to live and die
At home and with my friends.

“These children that you see about,
I guard them playing there ;
This home, this garden, lawn and trees,
Are mine for watchful care.

“What need I more? The porch or eave,
The chimney, barn and all,
Protect me, and there’s One who sees
The sparrow in its fall.”
Buffalo, May, 1895.



A NIGHT AT THE PLAY.

HAD taken an orchestra seat
At the Star on a Thursday night,
And the rustle of gowns, and noisy feet,
Were about me from left to right.

The ushers were busy as bees,
And swiftly flew through the aisles,
There was bustle, and oh, there was “squeeze,”
There was pouting and then there were
smiles.

All the seats were filled but the two
Just in front of me, and I’m sure
That my queries that night were not few
As I sat there and felt so demure.

I wondered who would come in
And sit in that forward seat.

If a man or woman? The din
Of the orchestra stopped my conceit.

A rustle! The usher was there!
And into that seat slipped a girl,
Young and beautiful? Yes! She was fair;
And her hat put my head in a whirl!

The feathers were three! Large and black!
A funeral pall for my eyes!
And just when my heart felt the rack,
That girl gave to me a surprise!

She gracefully pulled out a pin!
Another! The hat fell away!
Oh, fancy the joy I was in
When the curtain went up for the play!



THE SNOW WHITE CRADLES.

EE the cradles, snow white cradles! Oh,
what thoughts they bring to all,
Of the gleaming, dreaming, scream-
ing days—those days beyond
recall.

In that season, without reason, we could romp
in wondrous ways
Through the daytime and the playtime of those
cherished childhood days.

See the cradles, snow white cradles! Telling
more than ours did;
There is meaning in their gleaming, there's a
secret in them hid:
There are holy gifts, though lowly gifts within
the painted toys,
Rock them slowly, slowly, slowly, they are
freighted with great joys!

See the cradles, snow white cradles! They are
scattered o'er the town:
They delight to thus invite you to call a bless-
ing down!
There are children poor near every door who
long for just a chance
To see the play of waves—a ray of sunshine on
them dance.

See the cradles, snow white cradles! Rock
them tenderly and true;
The little ones are waiting for a lullaby from
you!
When the breeze is softly blowing, their hearts
are keeping time

To the music of the waters on the shores that's
called Sublime!

* * * * *

Along the rippling river sails a boat with ban-
ners free,
And laughter follows after—shouts ring out in
hopeful glee!
She proudly floats out where the boats go
swiftly o'er the tide,
And dancing, joy enhancing waves sport by
the vessel's side!

Buffalo, June, 1895.



FORGET IT NOT.

BOIL the river water! Keep it
Always boiling—always hot.
Take a little tea and steep it,
Ah, my friends, forget it not;
For they say in river water
Microbes play all in the raw,
Dangerous for your son and daughter,
Parents, and your ma-in-law.

Boil the river water! Prudence
Is the law we must obey,
And the microbe in exudance
Can no longer with us stay!
See the ills: There's fevers various
And diphtheria! Ills that grow—
Making life in town precarious,
Ah, be ever cautious! So—

Boil the river water. Keep it
Always boiling—always hot!
Take a little tea and steep it—
Or something else! Forget it not!



THE DAYS OF TRUSTS.

THE days of trusts have come, they're
here!
The list is growing fast!
The puzzle is to make a choice
Of those now rushing past!

The thread combine can't tangle you,
Say leaders on that line;
The marble trust has buoyant power,
The 'lectric trust must shine!

The syndicates in Cuba now
Are setting people wild,—
The railroad and tobacco trusts
Are not so very mild!

And there's a host of New York men,
Who love with trusts to play,
Are forming now a trust canal
In Nic-a-rau-gu-a!

The auto-truck's the scheme that takes—
It grows and grows each minute!
One hundred million capital—
And all the boys are in it!
Buffalo, January, 1899.



LILY'S HOME FROM SCHOOL.



UR little Lily's home from school,
A "sick leave" calls for rest;
And all the household seems so strange
With gloom so manifest.
But Lily's case, when diagnosed,
Is overload of books—
She carries them to school each morn
Which nurtures pallid looks.

They are too heavy for the child,
Now scarcely eight years old,
And so her drooping looks and eyes
Show lessons manifold.
She is a little, nervous thing,
With many gentle ways—
So radiant in the joys of life,
So happy in her plays.

Her mode of life has always brought
Contentment to her friends—
A sweetness, like the rose that to
The shaded lawn extends.
Her winsome ways, her childish fears,
Her anxious wish to learn,
Have mastered by her childhood's charm
All complications stern.

But now, o'erburdened and oppressed,
Our Lily droops and fades,
Till rest, that potent comforter,
Will draw aside the shades;
And, yet, our Lily, like the one
Obeying Nature's rule,
Will soon revive through gentle care,
And once more go to school!
Buffalo, October, 1899.



WHEN WE WERE BOYS TOGETHER.

WHEN we were boys, merry, merry
boys!

When we were boys together,
Methinks it seems but yesterday
Since we were boys together.

—Old Song.

When we were boys we loved the fun,
The joy-provoking ways,
The rough-and-tumble games and romps
Of merry boyhood's days.

The fishing places where delight,
The swimming crowds! What joys!
And balls and tops and marbles then
Made sport, when we were boys!

And those who soothed our sore mishaps,
And kissed away the pain,
Can only come in dreams tonight
And kiss us o'er again!

Ah, bruises of our journeyings,
 Need touches light as joys,
For three-score years have passed and gone
 Since we were merry boys!

Since we were boys, merry, merry boys,
 Since we were boys together!
Methinks it seems but yesterday
 Since we were boys together!
Buffalo, September, 1899.



BUILDING A BONNET.

BEFORE her table, and near the fire,
 Hattie viewed a "frame" of wire,
 Which cost a trifle in cash.
Next she took a velvet strip,
 Then to a bureau did she trip,
And then I heard a rip—rip, rip!—
 That seemed to be quite rash.

A dainty flower, some sprays and tips
 She held, while smiles came to her lips;
 And then she sewed awhile.

A flutter of lace, a lofty feather,
Were placed so cosily together,—
And then the maiden doubted whether
She'd really frown or smile.

But Hattie worked with might and main—
Put some things on—then off again,
Yet still the bonnet grew.
A buckle, ribbon and jets were brought,
And such a combination fraught
The bonnet became a “happy thought”
Cost—a dollar or two!

Next day to church the maiden went,
A day by her devoutly spent—
In meditation lost!
‘Till a lady said to another quite near;
“See Hattie’s bonnet; do, my dear,
‘Tis really a ‘pattern,’ and ‘tis clear
A pretty price it cost!”
Buffalo, December 9, 1893.



FORGOTTEN LITTLE CRADLES.

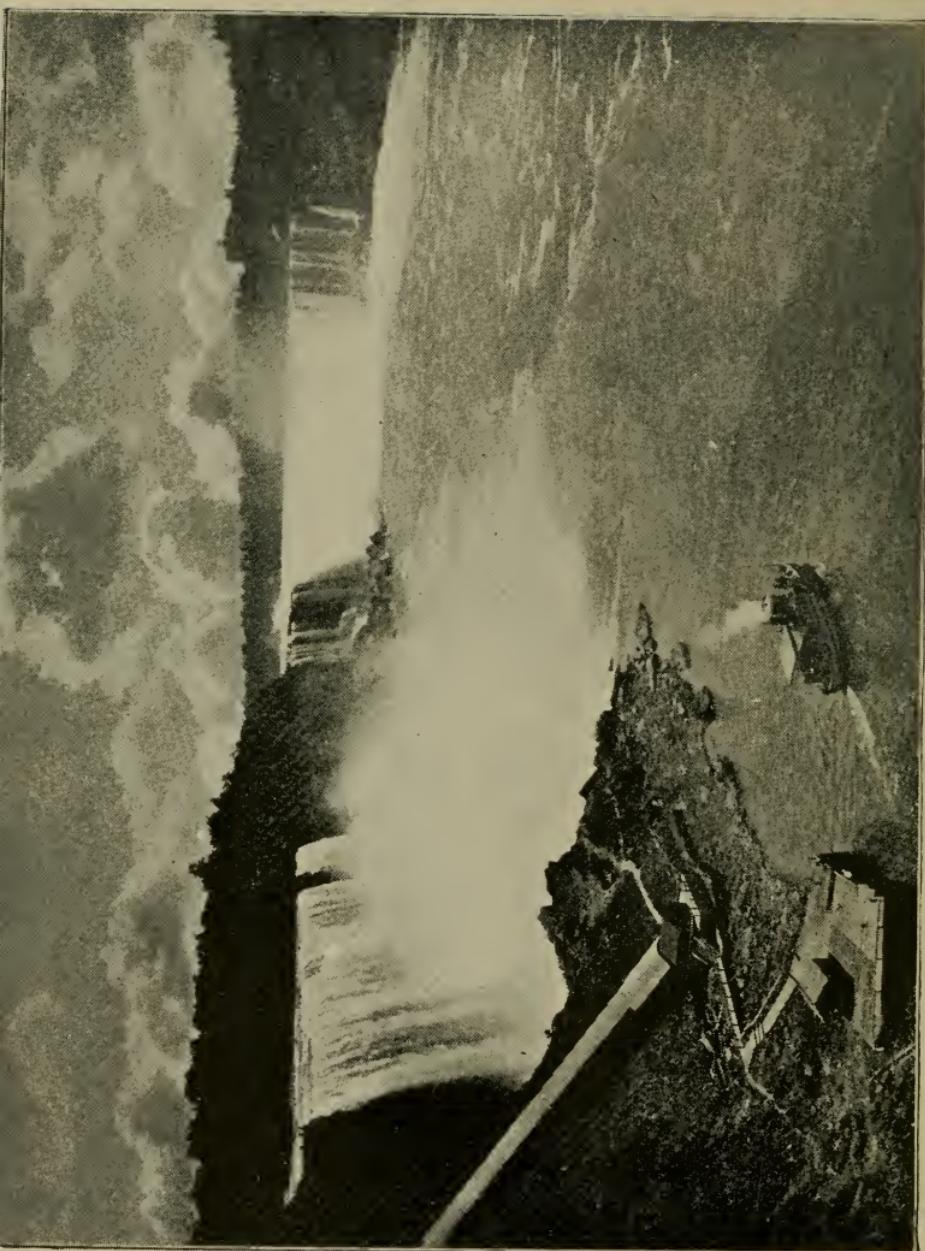
THERE'S something sad and sorely in
the silent Cradle Banks,
Which now seem so neglected—only
full of grateful thanks—
Reminders of the joyous times their
mute appeals had sway,
When Poverty was conquered, if only for a day!

No outings by the meadows, no flowers in fields
of joy;
No romping where the wavelets all the summer
hours employ;
No gathering health from breezes; no sunlight
on the mind;
No proof—no proof to show us that the world
is always kind!

* * * * *

If in moments of forgetfulness the Cradle
Banks are still,
And liberal hands are listless, and inert the
generous will;

GENERAL VIEW OF NIAGARA FALLS.



It is not that the little ones our hearts no
longer sway,
Nor carelessness of records of our good deeds
for a day!

There are moments in the life time of a people
doing good
That the duty of the hour is not justly under-
stood;
When sunshine of prosperity may glow so very
bright
That the plenty which surrounds us may dim
our generous sight!

Let us today remember that the presence of
the poor
Is ever, ever with us, as they pass from door to
door,
• And much as we may do for these, the children
of His love,
The Lord will do for children of our house-
holds gone above!

Buffalo, July, 1899.



BELOW ZERO.

 OW the wind sweeps!
And the snow
Flurries and follows the furious blast!
And below
The ice lies thick and the pave's o'ercast,
And Winter holds all the town in its grasp;
While closer and closer the Ice King creeps!

The night comes fast!
And the bells
Hurrying hither and thither away,
Sound sad knells
On the bitter cold of the stormy day.
Ah, the whirling snow and the dashing sleigh—
The terrible rush of the north wind's blast!

Think of the poor!
Cheerless they—
No fuel or food in a scanty room;
And no ray
Of hope or relief from poverty's doom,
While the winds, in mockery, sing in the gloom
And snow dances in through the open door!

Hark! on the wind
There's a wail!

Sounding alarm, as the storm hurries by,
Through the gale!

There are people to save, and, oh, let us try;
Let us heed the loud call—let us stifle the cry!

We see the distress though the storm makes
us blind!

Give but a mite!
And the deed

Will gladden the homes and inspire anew;
And the need

Is so pressing, the want is so true,
That gifts which are speedy will double in view,
And, Charity, passing, will smile at the sight!
Buffalo, January, 1897.



THE WORLD'S COMMON SCHOOL.

THERE are many ways of doing things
in shop and mill and store,
And some are very curious and some
are something more,
But one thing I have learned, 'tis best, adopt
one gen'ral rule

And use a little Common Sense in the
world's
common
school.

We are learning something ev'ry day, and no
one knows it all;
We are hunting for and storing grains of truth
however small,
But when we're puzzled in our search and try
some proffered rule,
We turn to Common Sense to guide the
world's
common
school.

There are teachers that environ us in many
irksome ways;
There is knowledge that will flee from us and
effort oft betrays.
We care not what the plan may be which men
adopt to rule
There's nothing like Old Common Sense to
guide
the common
school.

We'll find that it is best to be in "averages"
all right;

To keep our heads all bright and clear—our
lessons all in sight,
And when it comes to gathering the knowledge
that will rule,
'Tis Common Sense will surely lead the
world's
common
school.

In city schools the plan employ when other
“orders” fail;
When “systems” clash and “modes” appear to
falter under sail.
Just look aloft and see the clouds go scudding
far away,
When Common Sense asserts itself and
gaily
wins
the day.

Buffalo, December, 1896.



GONE WITH THE FOURTH.

HE glorious Fourth has gone!
The smoke, the noise, the full band
and the banging of the drum,
The rush, the buzz, the rustle and the
hum,

Will sound less cheerful as the days roll by—
As fleeting time goes by.

The glorious Fourth has gone!
The loud giant cracker, wrapped in the silence
of the year,
Cannot split the tympanum of your ear,
Its crash and tumult bursting through its form,
Its fire-encircled form.

The glorious Fourth has gone!
And with it all the din and dust, the heat and
other things,
That the Fourth on its rounds forever brings.
The fear of fire, the dread of children burning
there.
'Mid scenes that seem so fair.

The glorious Fourth has gone!
The excursions, and the swell of Erie's majestic
tide;
The girl who there stood trustingly beside
You on the vessel's deck, fell limp and pale
And gasped a fearful wail!

The glorious Fourth has gone!
And so have all these terrors of the patriotic
day;

The loss of money and the aches that play
Sad havoc with our hopes, and then leave us
With many things to grieve us.

Buffalo, July 5, 1894.



A VISION FROM THE CARNIVAL.

THE Carnival! The Carnival!
So beautiful and fair—
Ah, lovely girls, in costumes quaint,
With smiles and flowers, are there.
A Turkish girl in flowing pants,
With Swedish girls—enjoy
Gossip with those from Normandie,
From Rome and ancient Troy.

A German girl walks arm-in-arm
With girls from France and Spain,
And Japanese with waving fans
Are in Japan again.
And up from all this loveliness—
A scene resplendent, rare—
Comes forth a vision on the clouds
A castle in the air.

Which, when the moving clouds disclose
Its form from base to dome,
Is seen, substantial, true and grand,
The Press Club's future Home.



RAINY DAY ADVICE.

 WOMAN, woman, woman!
In this dark and murky weather,
There's a chance for you to do some
good—
Now listen all together!

Lift your dress a little higher,
As you walk along the street:
Let your underskirts be pretty
And your boots be trim and neat.
Then the drabble, drabble, drabble,
Of your silk or woolen dress,
As you walk through slush and water,
Will not give you sure distress!
Buffalo, January 22, 1895.



GOOD-BY TO LI HUNG CHANG.

ET up early in the morning, young America, I say,
For the Oriental leader will most surely come this way!
He's the man that wears the feather and the yellow jacket, too,
And he comes to see the Yankees and what the Yankee Doodles do!
He made the firecracker, which knows its noisy biz,
All the packs of little torments that sputter, squirm and fiz,
And those giant loud reporters that go with such a bang—
Wake up, young America, and see
Li Hung Chang.

At the Falls a bold celestial proud follower of
Li,
Viewed the rainbow hanging there as if fallen
from the sky;

And mentioned that the Earl has many a radiant snap,
But to pluck the yellow bow would be a feather in his cap;
When loud celestial laughter through the regal party rang,
And each one bowed most humbly at the name of

Li

Hung

Chang.

At the Cataract the servants of the mighty Chinaman
Sang the songs of far-off Pekin on the wondrous Chinese plan;
They praised the Flowery Kingdom in a rhythm soft and low,
Then broke into the chorus "Put me off at Buffalo!"
And then a man stepped forward with a drum and gave a bang—
"Sing that chorus once again," he said, for

Li

Hung

Chang.

They viewed the route celestials take to gain the Yankee side,

And laughed about the cunning tricks celestials
play with pride;
They learned that here the smugglers of
opium ply their wit,
And some are caught and lose it all, while
many more are—nit!
And all the stories told and all the songs they
sang
Had an interesting listener in

Li

Hung

Chang.

And now, good-by, celestial Li, wish you
“many happy days.”
Long may you live to introduce in China hon-
est ways,
You’ve seen “Old Glory” waving o’er a land
of sturdy Yanks,
Who don’t propose to suffer wrong or any
foreign pranks.
Give your people part of what you’ve seen amid
the Yankee clang,
And ages will revere thy name, brave

Li

Hung

Chang.

Buffalo, September 7, 1896.

FOOT-PRINTS IN THE SNOW.

IT WAS morn! A virgin mantle
Covered all the somber town;
I could see the glistening snow-flakes,
From my widow, nestling down;
And the shouts of truant scholars
With their faces all aglow,
Drew my eyes toward a maiden
Making foot-prints in the snow.

Where the drift lay smooth and tranquil,
Bright and pure from Heaven beguiled;
And each flake a diamond sparkled,
Walked this lovely little child;
Never heeding tinkling school-bell,
Little fearing teacher's blow,
For her thoughts were only bounded
By her foot-prints in the snow.

Pretty child! Her hood seemed falling,
And her cloak was much astray,
While she raised her dress so lightly,
Never heeding those at play;

Thus with eyes intently watching,
And with steps so very slow,
Went this tiny maiden forward
Making foot-prints in the snow.

Bright and winsome little fairy!
You have drawn, with magic art,
From the store house of remembrance
Treasured pictures of the heart;
Once again I'm treading pathways
That I knew long, long ago;
Once again I'm by the roadside,
Making foot-prints in the snow.

Onward went the little maiden,
Looking there so very sweet
That the snow more brightly sparkled,
'Neath the pressure of her feet.
Happy child! serene and lovely,
May your life-stream onward flow,
And life-sorrows fade as quickly
As your foot-prints in the snow.
Chicago, January, 1879.



ENGAGED.

OME day I'll hold thee in my longing arms,
Safe from all doubting grief and love's alarms,
Soul-entranc'd and thrilled with thy sweet charms—
Some day! Some day!
Life of my life, I'll hush all love's alarms—
Some day!
Some day companionship—so true—we'll know—
So strong and trustful it will bloom and grow
That happiness will seem to overflow—
Some day! Some day!
Like a full goblet, jarr'd, 'twill overflow—
Some day!
Our souls, o'erleaping all the world's alloys,
Strong in the promise of eternal joys.
Will heed no check which doubting faith employs,
Some day! Some day!

Enraptured souls, inspired by promised joys—
Some day!

How tenderly we'll guard our journeying way;
How pure in thought we'll grow each passing
day!

All doubts will flee with those who would
betray

Some day! Some day!

Treach'rous friends, and doubts, will flee
away—Some day!

Some day we'll know each other's secret care—
Each other's joy, or sorrow, we will share:—
When storms arise I'll guard thee till 'tis fair—

Some day! Some day!

Loyal and true, I'll guard thee till 'tis fair—
Some day!

Some day, together we will kneel and say:
“Lord, give us light to know the perfect way,
And will and strength to follow Thee, we
pray!”

Some day! Some day!

Hand in hand, we'll walk the perfect way—
Some day!

Some day, my sad, sad heart, oft comfortless,
You'll fill ^{it} with gladness, and my life you'll
bless,

Some day you'll thrill me with a wife's caress—
 Some day! Some day!
 O'ertask'd, or ill, I'll need thy soft caress—
 Some day!



PARTED.

(Written after reading a letter found on the field of Custer's last battle.)

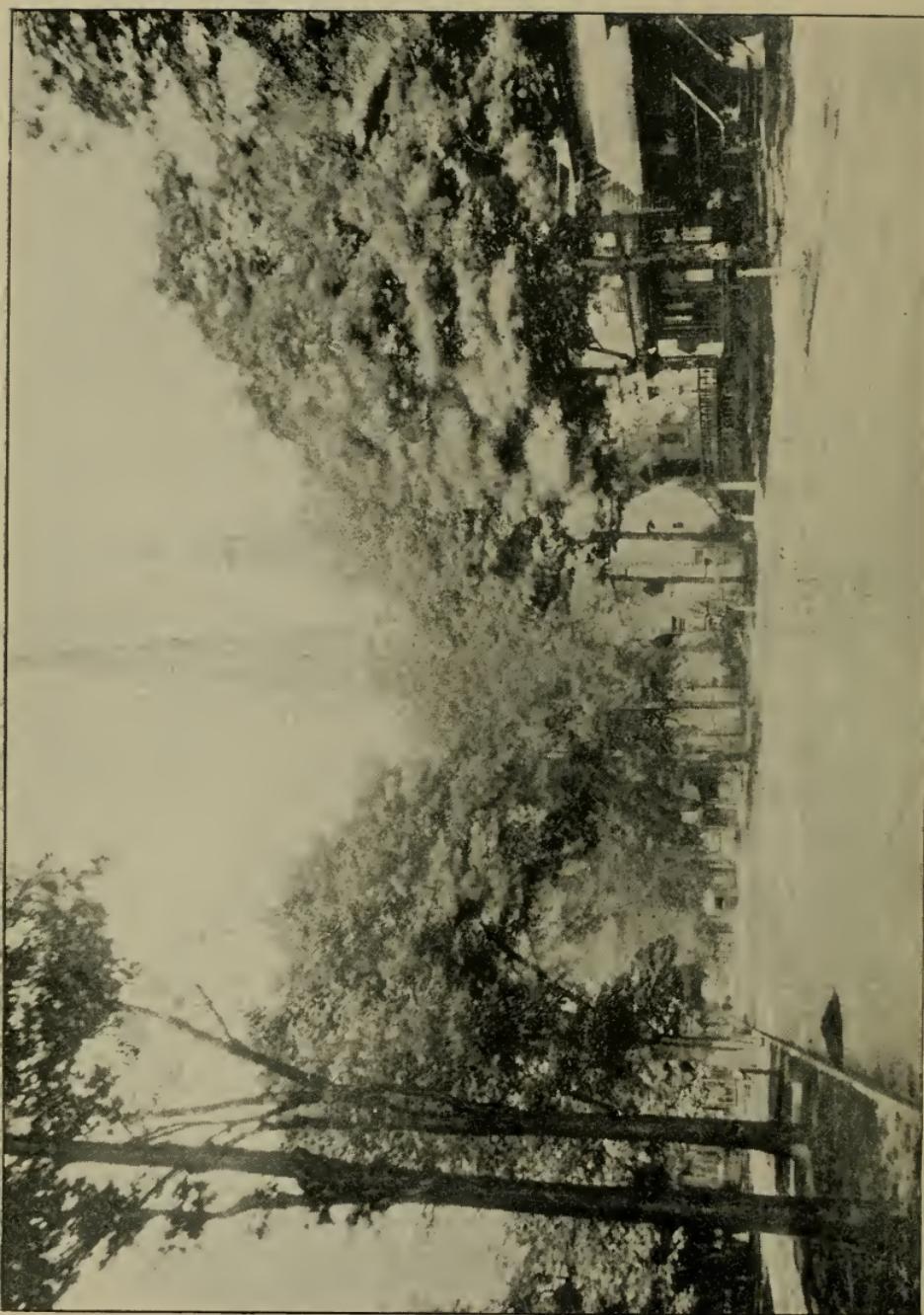
TIS over! We have parted and no farewell word was said,
 And lonely must I journey on till one or both are dead!
 No explanation of my course—no word to touch her heart;
 Oh, what a way for one who loves with one he loves to part!

“I thought you'd gone another way,” she said with faintest smile;

“I cannot go another way!” I answered, sad the while.

What other way is left for me but where her feet may tread?

What other sky is Heaven to me but that above her head?



M. E. CHURCH, DELAWARE AVENUE.

She stood just at the doorway, and the door
 was still ajar,
As yet quite near I followed her, though gazing
 from afar,
“At least you’ll let me write!” Ah, me! how
 could she that deny?
But so it was, and soon the door swung to
 ’twixt her and I!

There’s a brightness in the household where
 her moving form is seen;
There’s a joy goes with her presence—but the
 door is now between,
And as I turn to leave her, what a darkness
 doth appal!
My God! Where shall I wander now, earth has
 no joy at all!

The world is full of sunlight and the air is full
 of song,
For Nature’s voices harmonize through all the
 summer long!
And, yet, I turn with longing look, with throb-
 bing heart and brain.
For sunlight of a witching face I ne’re may see
 again!

I cannot, do not, blame her! There’s a gulf
 ’twixt her and me

As boundless, broad, expansive, and as deep
as is the sea!

What a perilous place I stand on, by the thres-
hold of her door,

With darkness all around me and a dead hope
just before.

Gone from my gaze in beauty, like the star
that falls at night,

To leave a line of glory that may dim the
watcher's sight!

Gone from my gaze in beauty, and yet no
cheery tone

To strengthen will, and heart, and hand to
battle on alone!

I do not blame the parting, for it had to come
at last!

I do not blame her coldness oft, for all of that
is past!

But, oh, when standing at the door and
“Good-bye” must be said,

She might have spoken words just then to raise
the drooping head!

’Tis over! We have parted, and the years
that follow now

Will lay their weight full heavy on a yet
unwrinkled brow;

But loving words, unuttered in a cold, dark
world like this,
In Heaven may find expression when our spirits
meet in bliss!



THE BIRTH OF KISSES.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX, sensible
and fair,
How nicely you've defended lovers'
kisses
And saved them from those doctors debonaire
Who mar the fountain where so much of
bliss is.

They say that microbes linger round the lips
Of beauteous maids—those lips we love to
dwell on;
That from twin blossoms, rosy red, one sips
Contagion, which so long we've rushed pell,
mell on.

Ella contends, in ages far away,
Lovers made kisses for love's confession,
And that the lovers of the present day
Should claim a patent to prevent digression.

How kind, how brave, how noble is the claim
That love kills microbes and our bliss
enhances;
No more to see the shadow of a blame,
No more to miss those dear enchanting
chances!

Ella Wheeler Wilcox, we don't agree!
Dear mother kisses were the first ere given;
A cherub baby's mouth so fair and free,
Inspired the kiss—a patent sent from heaven.

Reviving light shines through the darkling
gloom,
And hope is seen amid those fond caresses;
The shadows lift and joy finds ample room,—
A mother's kiss her soul's delight expresses.

And lovers, viewing the enraptured pair—
The babe's delight—with mother's joy con-
tending—

Resolved to banish ills and trivial care,
And through their lips, inspire their souls to
blending.

Buffalo, January, 1894.



A NEW YEAR REVERIE.

 LITTLE gleam of sunshine,
 Sadness and a song;
A little bit of shadow,
 A cloud, a motly throng,
A laugh, a look of pity,
A hasty greeting here;
A parting and a ditty.
 The moisture of a tear—
And these make up the cycle of a passing year.

Now to the passing year do thoughts like these
 arise,
 To tell us of the swiftly fleeing hours,
How short the span—a year! We lift our eyes,
 And, lo, the snow drifts hide the summer
 flowers.

Meetings and partings! Scenes so closely
 blending—
 Like summer foliage and the rustling leaves—
While Love and Friendship messages are send-
 ing
 In grateful kindness over land and seas.

Oh, trusting heart, though short the time and
fleeting,

Remember that our Heavenly Father's near,
And from above He sends a loving greeting—
His watchful care extends through all the
year.

—
A little gleam of sunshine,
Sadness and a song,
A little bit of shadow,
A cloud, a motly throng,
A laugh, a look of pity,
A hasty greeting here,
A parting and a ditty,
The moisture of a tear—

And these make up the cycle of a passing year.
Buffalo, December 29, 1895.



A WINTER SCENE ON THE PRAIRIE.

FROM a farmer's lonely dwelling, on a
dull and cheerless morn,
Went a youth to feed the cattle, but,
alas! there was no corn;
There was ice upon the lowlands,
where the chilly wind flew fast,

And the clouds, like ramparts frowning,
seemed to hold the wintry blast.

A dark line on the pairie, where the Machehaha
runs,

Marks a place for cooling shelter from the
summer's burning suns;

But the bare and brittle branches of the trees
now sadly drear,

Moan along the frozen waters like a death-knell
on the ear.

The youth looked to the eastward where the
day god shines afar,

But the dun clouds in the heavens had shut
out the golden car—

As if the drowsy angels, shivering through
celestial light,

Came down with hands too chilly to upfold the
shades of night.

As he gazes o'er the country—look! a shi-
mering light is seen,—

'Tis the icy diamond's glitter on earth's jeweled
carpet's sheen;

And the dun clouds in the heavens, casting
shadows as they pass,

Can be view'd, as in a mirror, on the sea of
frozen grass.

Hark! A sound comes from the rising of the
hill beyond the streams,
Where a dead oak's gnarled branches in the
distance waves and gleams—
It re-echoes through the distance in a long,
vibrating note,—
'Tis the prairie wolf in hunger—'tis the
cowardly coyote.

A deer has broken cover on the upland far
away,
It is making easy progress where the quiet
shadows play:
The breeze from prairie warrens now the wild
dog's barkings bring,
And the hawk affrights the game bird with the
shadow of its wing.

But the youth hears sadder noises than those
upon the breeze,
And he views a deeper shadow than those
among the trees,
For he's heard the neighbors telling that the
cattle in the sheds
Cannot rise for want of fodder from their cold
and frozen beds.

From the farmer's lonely dwelling on a dull
and cheerless morn,

Went a youth to feed his cattle, but alas! there
 was no corn;
There was nothing that would strengthen on
 the ranges where they fed,
And half the herd were dying, and—the other
 half were dead.

Lawrence, Ks., March, 1875.



THE MYTHICAL FAIRYLAND.

THE children are thinking of Fairyland,
 a mythical land of love,
And they feel that the things they
 see in the stores are sent from the
 clouds above;
And Santa will come in a day or two, with his
 sleigh and his deers and all,
And out of his treasures of beautiful things a
 present for each will fall.

Oh, mythical, mythical Fairyland, the land of
 the beautiful things,
Spontaneous growth and magical means give
 Santa the treasure he brings.

There's a river that flows in Fairyland with
 barges all laden with toys,
And Fairies who sing and Fairies who tell of
 mythical, mythical joys;
There are streets smooth and fine in that
 Fairyland, and wagons go constantly by,
And horses with plumes nod their heads as
 they pass and the drivers are ever so spry.

Those wagons are laden with candies and fruits,
 and dolls and aprons and gowns,
And work of the Fairies goes on every day in
 homes and cities and towns.
There's never a rest in Love's brave work in
 the mythical, mythical land,
For none grow weary from daylight till dark
 where Love rules with gentle command.

And no one's forgotten, for Santa has there
 the names of every one born;
His ponderous volumes tell where they live and
 never a leaf is torn;
There's grandma and baby and grandpa and
 boy and mother and father and all,
Are called by their names when Santa Claus
 comes and presents from bundles fall.

Oh, mythical, mythical Fairyland, the realm
of beautiful things—
Spontaneous growth and magical means give
Santa the treasure he brings.

Buffalo, Dec., 1898.



A BABY'S TALE OF WOE.

TELL me I pray:
May a weak little voice be heard,
'Mid the din of the garish day?
May a weak little cry go forth?
Will you list what a babe may say?
I'm a weak little thing! A boy!
With a curious head and brain—
Which expands as I sleep, and grows
Till my body is racked with pain.

Poor little babes like me, you know,
See things through a glimmer of light.
Slow, by degrees, in a fashion most queer,
We wake from the Darkness of Night.

So on as awake, a low, sweet voice,
Sings softly a beauteous strain—

And oh, once more the Silent Past
And the Darkness is ours again.

* * * * *

This is the first poor babies know
Of deception and cruel wrong;
This is the first of a baby's woe,
The first of the Lullaby Song.

I've learned that men work day and night,
In dens both dark and deep,
Forging the links of a Lullaby Song
To entice little babes to sleep!

Sleep! Oh, no! For the world is bright,
And into its secrets we pry—
What is mother thinking about?
And why does she start when I cry?

I cry! and a bottle springs forth,
I cry! and there's running around.
I cry! Paragoric is brought,
I cry! Till the spoon is found.

I scream! Consternation is there!
The nurse in alarm for my sake,
Exclaims: "Oh, dear, this child, I know;
Has a terrible stomach ache!"

A mystery quite is a babe!
Nurse turns me and throws me about,
I'm bounced and trotted, bounced once more,
And am tossed till I'm inside out."

Then I'm tucked in a cradle bed,
Till you can hardly see my nose,
And, oh, that Lullaby again
Is the source of increasing woes!

Papa comes in—his voice is loud;
"I will quiet that noisy boy."
Out of the heated cradle bed
I am lifted and thrilled with joy!

There is fun in the household then
And my laugh is an electric spark,
Give us room! Give us light! Let's hide
The Lullaby Song in the Dark!
Buffalo, January, 1895.



PUT THE PADDLE OUT OF SIGHT.

ALBANY, N. Y., Nov. 24.—Attorney-General Davies has written an opinion to the effect that paddling in a State Reformatory Institution is illegal. The opinion, so it said, is the outcome of a letter written by Supt. Brockway to the board of managers of the Elmira institution, asking if paddling would be permitted under the present law.

UPERINTENDENT BROCKWAY
asked the question 'tother day,
If he and his old paddle could again
begin to play—
If his arm might have the practice it
long had known so well,
And his soul the exultation of flogging in the
cell!

It really seems he's lonesome with his paddle
put away—
He's eager to renew again its "mild, persu-
sive" play!
And hear once more those plaintive cries that
thrilled his heart with joy,
When he tried to make a man grow from the
paddle and the boy!

But never more we'll view again the sientific
plan

That Brockway made so dazzling when the
paddle course he ran—
That results of reformation in its fullness you
may see
Where the paddle's plied with vigor and works
industriously.

But Brockway now must heed the law. He's
baffled as we know—
Though pity wouldn't soften him nor suffering
ease a blow,
His paddle falls, his arm's unnerved, "persua-
sive" rule is past,
And right and fair humanity has come to save
at last!

Buffalo, November, 1899.



THE WINSOME VILLAGE GIRL.

 O SING to others all the songs
You ever heard in tune,
Of summer girls and autumn girls
And girls who wed in June;
Of college girls and city girls,
And "Hello girls" who call,
Theater girls and waiter girls,
Typewriter girls and all!

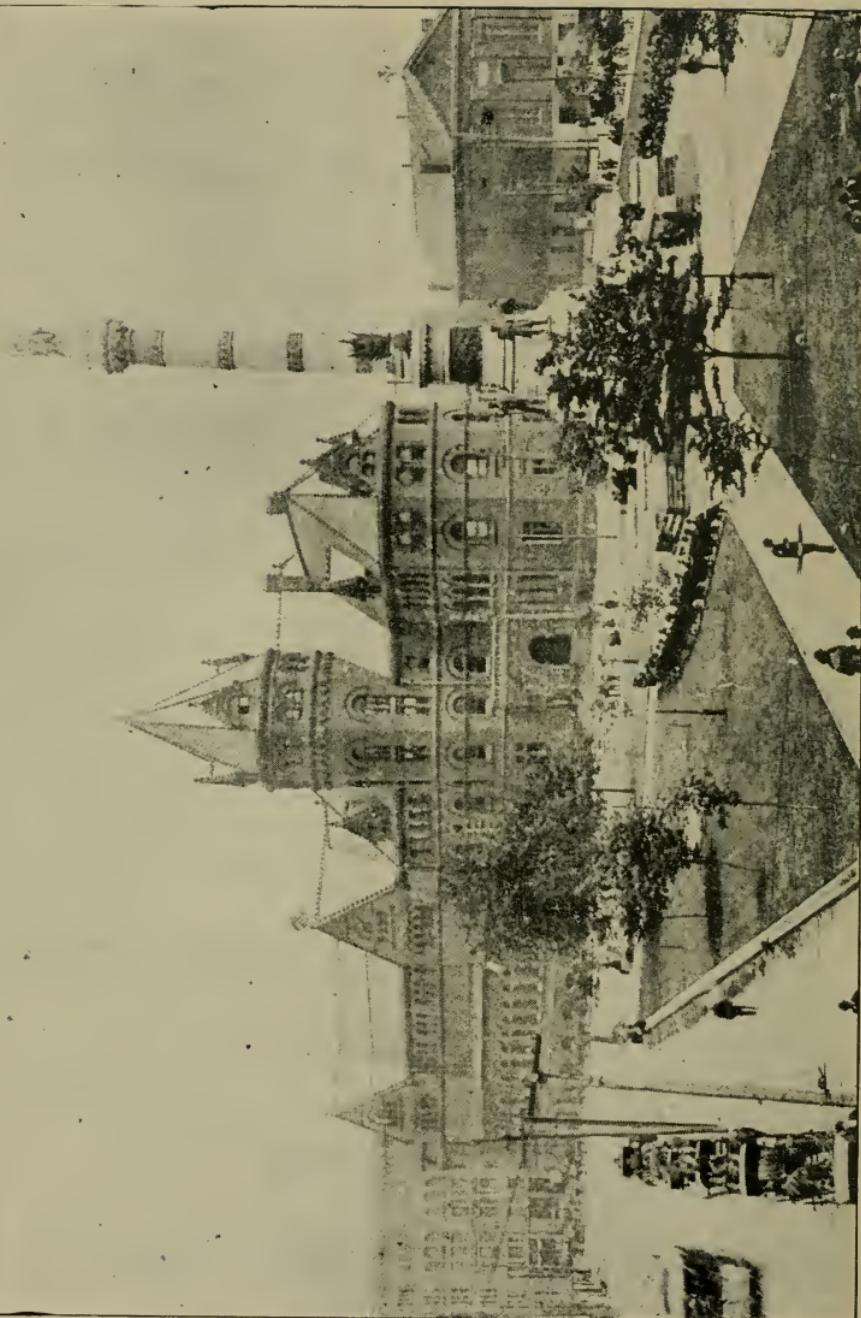
There's one forgotten girl I know,
As bright as e'er was seen,
And in a realm of pure delight
She reigns a perfect queen.
Ah, pictures of your lovely ones
Draw fullest praise, I'm sure,
And all the girls I've mentioned here
Have graces that allure!

But under leaves that shadow them
The brightest flowers may bloom,
And fairest pictures of the land
Are formed in shade and gloom.
And music does not always come
From sources fair and bright,
And eyes of friendship, loved so dear
Beam oft in lesser light!

The maid I prize is lovely,
Is witty, too, and smart,
A helper in the household
And sways with magic art,
She can't be found in fashion's throng,
Nor in its mazy whirl,
You'll find her calm, serene and mild
A handsome village girl!

At county fairs she can discuss
A hundred useful things,

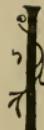
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And joy that seems to bubble o'er
Into her world she brings.
She's trim and neat from head to feet,
All hearts are in a whirl
When on the walk she stands to talk—
The winsome village girl!
Buffalo, September, 1899.



THE LADIES OF CADIZ.

 I'D LIKE to go to Cadiz,
Just to see those witching ladies,
Those witching, witching ladies, where
the orange blossoms blow,
With their dainty cigarillas,
And their quite too sweet mantillas—
Oh, to Cadiz, with its ladies, I will go.

And when our guns are booming,
With a pity quite consuming
I would say, "Oh, charming ladies, please to
hustle now aboard,
For, although we humble Cadiz,
We don't war against the ladies,

And the ladies of old Cadiz need not fear the
Yankee sword."

And with their cigarillas,
And their all-too-cute mantillas,
I would load up every cruiser with this fasci-
nating crew;
And so by easy stages
I would bring these fair hostages,
All these ladies of old Cadiz far across the
ocean blue.

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

LADIES NOT OF CADIZ.

Faith, you may go to Cadiz,
To those dear, bewitching ladies—
Those dainty, dark-eyed ladies and their
glances fierce and wild;
As for me, at love's beginning,
I like gentle girls and winning,
Whose glances melt in languor and whose
words are low and mild.

Above those girls of Cadiz
A blooming Yankee maid is—
Far above the ladies that in Spanish cities
play—

And spend their time coquetting
Or for lovers always fretting—
As from their fans they ogle in a curious sort
of way.

Nor in Madrid, nor in Cadiz,
Nor among the Moorish ladies,
Can you find such lovely ladies as in Buffalo
are seen—
They are all the heart can long for,
Or poet write a song for,
As you view them on a cycle or playing on the
green.

Don't be lured by witching ladies
Dwelling off in distant Cadiz—
Those man-undoing ladies who bewitch you as
you go—
Never mind their cigarillas,
Their old-time cut mantillas—
For Yankee girls in shirt waists are the sweet-
est things that grow.
Buffalo, August, 1898.



“THEY MAY TALK.”

“**T**HEY may talk of their balmy breathed
May,
And their lovely and leafy month
June,
When the birds sing their songs
through the day,
And the owl through the night scolds the
moon.
But dearer—still dearer, October art thou,
And sweeter the murmur of winds through
the trees,
Oh, when in the year do days such as now
Chase nights such as these?

“They may talk of their beautiful flow’rs,
And the sweets that they waft on the air;
Of the joys of the long summer hours,
And rambles with those that are fair;
Yet dearer to me are the sere-tinted leaves,
And sweeter the fragrance of fruit-tree and
vine;—
With her that I love my heart never grieves
For others divine.

“They may talk of their youth’s sunny days,
Of walks over moss-covered hills,
Of scenes where the heart often strays,
Or the songs that their memory trills!
But give me the present, I ask but the joys
Of manhood to inspire my lay—
For dearer by far than when we were boys
Are scenes of today.

“They may talk of their hopes and their fears,
When Fancy would bid them to roam;
How Reality drown’d them in tears,
When far from their dear native home.
But give me the heart unconquer’d by Fate,
And the eye that will quail not at Fear!
Oh, who could know Love in a world without
Hate;
Or Joy—with no tear?

Lawrence, Ks., October, 1878.



THE FORGOTTEN PRAYER.

“**G**RANDPA, I’ve forgot my prayer!”
Sobbed a winsome, weary child,
From a bedroom warm and fair—
But her grandpa only smiled.

Little Rose had come that day
On the cars from neighboring town,
Just to romp and run and play
Till the summer sun went down.

Kneeling there by grandpa's bed,
Little eyelids could not close
Till the evening prayer was said—
Mother taught to little Rose.

“Never mind the prayer tonight,”
Was the answer grandpa made;
“Go to sleep, I’ll shade the light—
There, my child, don’t be afraid.”

“Grandpa, oh, what shall I do!”
Came in trembling accents low;
I have always prayed for you—
Papa said I must, you know.

“Every night my mamma said,
I must pray before I sleep;
Could not even touch the bed—
And I must my promise keep.”

“Daughter, you are all too nice,
One time missed can’t break the spell,
And tomorrow say it twice—
Surely that will do as well.”

Grandpa's look was full of care—
Treach'rous mem'ry would not yield—
And uneasy moved he there,
Helpless as the child that kneeled.

Still the sobbing lips repeat:
“Grandpa, start the prayer for me;
And I'll make it all complete
As when said at mother's knee.”

Calmness fell—In accents low
Grandpa, trembling, then arose;
“Mary had a little”—“No!
No! no! no!” said sobbing Rose.

Then in haste the Judge began—
Seemingly he could not stop—
“I'll repeat it if I can—
Rock-by baby on tree top!”

“No-o-o!” came from the tot—
Eyes too heavy now to weep
And the prayer her lips forgot,
Calmed her heart when fast asleep.



STORY OF THE DEGENERATE.

SLOW is my step through the city, and
painful the thoughts that are
burning;
Weary of wandering am I, 'tis useless
to think of returning.
The lights that shine through the windows,
the joy of the throngs that are massing,
Are nothing to me. I'm alone! Just one in
the crowd that is passing.

“Nothing to me! I'm alone!” My compan-
ions, my friends of the dawning,
Have gone in the evening of life, and black is
the sun of the morning.
I shrink in the shadow and shade, I peer into
faces of laughter—
Once I was gay and my voice sounded up from
the floor to the rafter!

No Christmas for one such as I—no joy of
receiving or giving!
No beautiful hands, soft and white, out-
stretched to a man who's just living.

There are faces, but, oh, they are those which
mem'ry alone is recalling,

There are smiles that fade in the haze, like a
star that's flashing and falling.

Oh, whence comes the taint in the blood that
fires the soul to undoing—

The passion unbridled, wild thoughts that
sweep to the heart as if wooing?

A barbaric camp on the hills in an age that's
distant and hoary,

Held followers free as the air whose arrows
made lines unto glory.

I've felt the mad impulse of those who have
dwelt by the valleys and mountains,

I've walked by the rivers with them and drank
to their health in the fountains;

I have known in mysterious ways an impulse
beyond my controlling—

To do what would trammel my soul, while I
scorned ev'ry word of consoling.

The swish of the trees and the breeze, the
clouds in their beautiful seeming;

The coming of swallows in spring, the allure-
ments of summer's soft dreaming;

The rush of the leaves and the roar of the
winds in the wintry weather;

The moan of a voice on the shore, where life
seems to die altogether—

Those voices and sounds filled my soul with
thrillings of fiercest desire—

Oh, tell me, can longing be checked when the
heart and the brain are on fire?

Flowing on, flowing on from the past, from
those far-distant, barbaric ages,

There's a taint in the stream of descent!—the
ancestral fire still rages!

Oh, for a Christmas of love in that home that
was ever so cheering,

Oh, for the wishes of joy and the clasp of the
hand so endearing;

Oh, for the gentle caress! It was mine in the
land of the living—

No Christmas for one such as I—no joy of
receiving or giving!

Buffalo, December, 1896.



A CHRISTMAS THOUGHT.

THERE is sunlight in the household
 where the children are at play,
And parents grow more tender through
 this season glad and gay,
For the glow of gen'rous giving, win-
 ning joy from every child,
Shines and shimmers through the household
 like a light from heaven beguiled.

There are homes that have no children—
 Heaven's sunlight streaming there
Rests on silence that's disturbed not by the
 wee ones fond and fair!

Oh, ye mothers, who seem weary with the cares
 you have in view,
Do you know how silent households, without
 children, envy you?

Buffalo, December 19, 1891.



QUESTIONS ABOUT THE WEATHER.

“**W**HAT is the weather?” says he, says he;
“The heart gives sunshine to weather,” says she.

“Then if we should live together?” says he,
“Will it always be sunshine for thee and for me?”

“Though it rains all the day,” said she, said she,
“There’ll be sunshine at home for thee, for thee.”

“Then it won’t be much of a shower,” said he;
“No clouds can darken love’s bower,” said she.

“Then I’ll dwell with thee in all kinds of weather,”
Said the youth to the maid as they tripped off together.



CANADA'S MERRY MAIDS AND MATRONS.

[The ladies of Ottawa, Canada have been detected in meeting at a private club room where cards were played for money and where wines and punches were "passed along."—*Newspaper Item.*"]

HE ladies are, in Ottawa, detected,
In walking afternoons with careless
air,
Or looking sad and weary, or dejected,
As if borne down with all too much
of care.

They walk along the streets so unaffected,
So careless of the gaze of saucy men,
So demure—they could never be suspected
Of staying from their homes till half-past
ten.

Alas, it has been found that merry beauties;
That maids and matrons, too, can have some
fun,
And throw aside awhile domestic duties—
To let "maiden meditations" have a run.
Ah, the change! From weary and dejected
walking!
They're now within a room all furnished fine,

And sprightly maids and matrons are all talk-
ing;
Yes, talking gossip there and sipping wine.
No sadness now! And games of cards amuse
them,
The playing stakes are hardly ever high.
Fortune's fickle! But losses don't confuse
them.
For "household money" goes upon the sly.
"Woman's Club of Ottawa," ladies call it.
And husbands, brothers, lovers seek the
way,
Their anger is so great they would appal it—,
But ah! the men have clubs and in them
play!
Buffalo, January, 1895.



A SWEET CANADIAN GIRL.

 HE is winsome, wise and witty,
And I'm sure she's very pretty—
My sweet Canadian girl!
A friend oft sympathizing,
Yet a little tantalizing,
But joyous and surprising
My sweet Canadian girl.

Her birthday!—I was guessing
Of the years so gently pressing—
 My sweet Canadian girl.

But she wmixed me up in dates so
She talked of sleighs and skates so
Of love and lovers' fates so,
 My sweet Canadian girl—

That she may be sixteen, under,
Or twenty-five, by thunder—

 My sweet Canadian girl.

Or she may be thirty-seven—
But I know she is my heaven
Whether thirty and eleven—
 My sweet Canadian girl.

Ah, she's posted on the races
Has many winsome graces—

 My sweet Canadian girl.

But her age—I cannot guess it!
And the question—I'll not press it,
For I'm sure she won't confess it—

 My sweet Canadian girl.

Buffalo, January 25, 1893.



YOU KISSED ME.

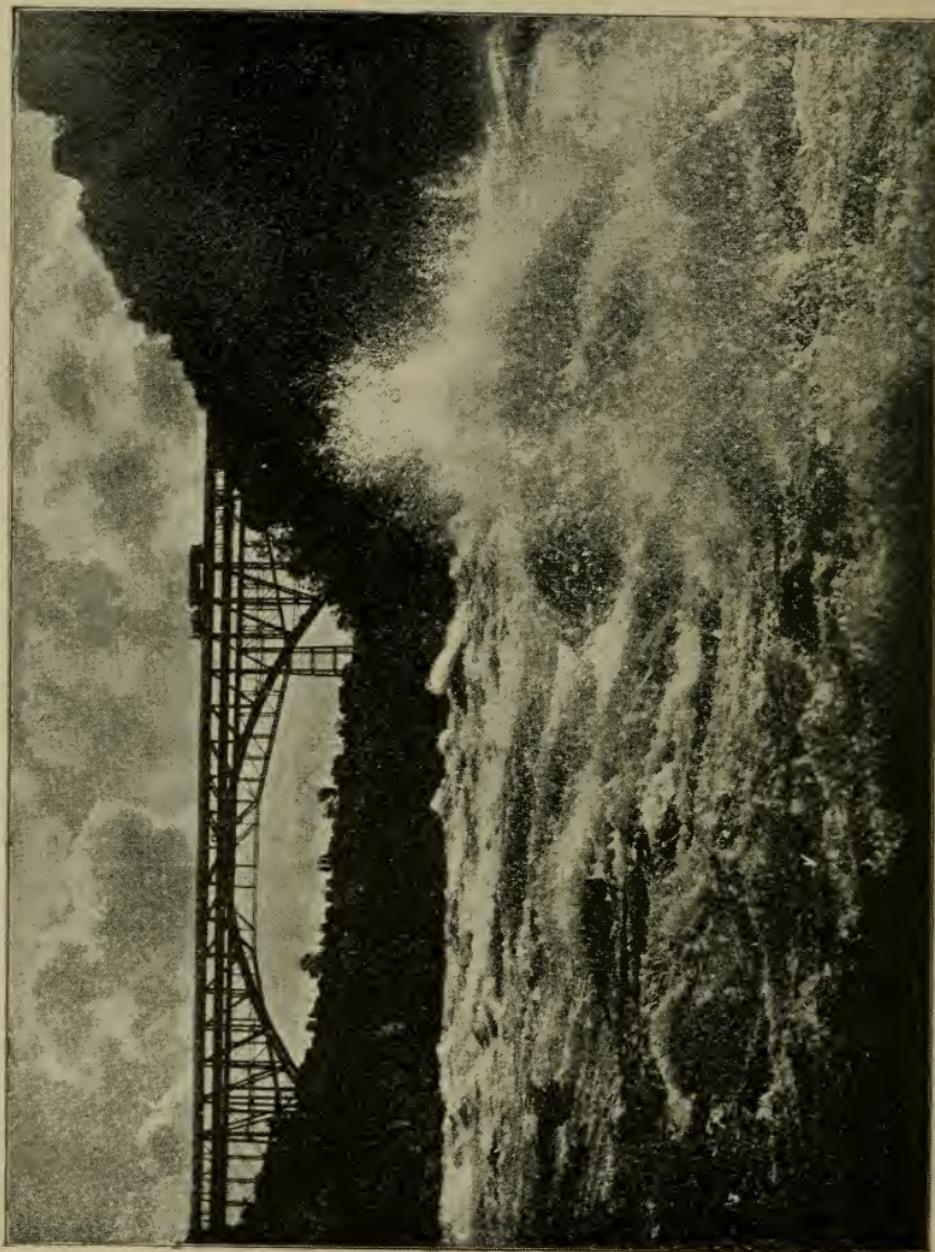
Y
OU kissed me! And now I'm ashamed
of the press
You gave me when Folly made bold
to aspire.
You kissed me! I thought that I could
not give less
To Valor and Fame and the Flag we admire.

But, oh, the vile sport to which kisses were
made—
An autograph card is the price that you
name.

And Valor looked humbled to witness the trade,
While meek Admiration stood weeping with
Fame!

Buffalo, December, 1898.





WHIRLPOOL RAPIDS, NIAGARA FALLS.

LEAVE THEM UNSAID.

 EAVE them unsaid, when lips feel inclined to
 Say bitter things when passion's a-wheel;
 Leave them unsaid, just when you're a mind to
 Break into torrents of taunts that are real.

Wasting your strength in passionate railings
 Answers no purpose, and leaves but a sting;
 Men only see 'tis yourself that have failings,
 There is no comfort that anger can bring.

What if you say that a man who's a neighbor,
 Known to be generous all the year round,
 Shows but deceit in his speech or his labor,
 Words that convince are not these, I'll be bound.

Stand by the man who's a friend when you need one—
 Ready to aid in a time of distress;
 Giving a hand all anxious to lead one;
 Lifting a load when its weight doth oppress.

Ah, it is true that words thus unspoken
Leave no indebtedness going unpaid;
Silence will give to the heart a sure token
When joy takes the place of words left unsaid.

Leave them unsaid, when lips feel inclined to
Say bitter things, when passion's a-wheel;
Leave them unsaid, just when you're a mind to
Break into torrents of taunts that are real.

Buffalo, Sept., 1897.



FLEETING SUMMER DAYS.

UTUMN flowers are flaming red,
The vines against the wall
Show that their deep'ning color's fled
And change is over all.
The lawn is losing beauty, too,
The trees a gloom portrays,
And nothing seems so bright and new
As in the summer days.

Oh, summer days! Oh, summer days!
Pray linger yet for long,
Too fleeting are your winsome ways,
Too short your thrilling song.

We've only seen the fleecy clouds
 Go sailing o'er the sky,
We've only felt the balmy air
 Go softly, swiftly by!

These manhood days! These manhood days!
 Seem all too few. Alas,
We long for them, and when they come
 We fain would hold them fast.
Oh, fleeting days of summer,
 How beautiful you seem—
But short'ning hours and falling leaves
 Pronounce you but a dream.
Buffalo, September, 1899.



A WONDERING FISHERMAN.

“  H, CAN you answer, stranger, now,
 What makes that angler look,
So steady on the line he's cast
 That holds his baited hook?

Say, does he count the number there
 Of fish he'll catch ere night—
Or does he fear a sturgeon will
 Upset him ‘by a bite?’ ”

“Ah, no,” the stranger gruffly said,
“He’s wond’ring, do you see,
Just where he’ll get the cash to buy,
This string of fish from me!”



SHE COULD NOT LIFT THE CUP.

THE race, Sir Lipton says, was grand,
And Iselin says the same;
The sturdy captains of the yachts
Agree the race was game!
With wind so strong the ocean heaved
And tossed the Shamrock up,
But pull and strain howe’er she would
She could not lift the cup!

It was a goodly sight to see!—
The Shamrock leads the way!
But soon Columbia, rail awash,
Dashes great clouds of spray!
They round the outer mark with heads
Like greyhounds pointed up,
Tho’ Shamrock strains from head to helm,
She cannot lift the cup!

Over to Jersey's shore they go,
Columbia in the lead!
While Shamrock follows, sure and quick,
And with increasing speed!
Neither will shorten sail, as now
The home mark's looming up,
Strain, Shamrock, strain!—'Tis useless now—
You cannot lift the cup!
Buffalo, October 21, 1899.



BELLES OF ST. LOUIS.

 HARMING, charming Cora Baker!
Sweet is she as love can make her!
When asleep the angels take her
Where no earth-born revels wake her!
In fact, 'tis true.
Very bright is Cora Baker!
Ah, those eyes, sweet Cora Baker!
Ah, those pearly teeth, Miss Baker!
Ah, those glorious lips, Miss Baker!
I'm not in love! Are you?

Sweet and true is Paramore,
Standing there, inside the door;
Her eyes with love are swimming o'er,
And her lips I quite adore!

In fact, 'tis true—

Charming is sweet Paramore;
Soft her step upon the floor,
And her cheek is more and more
The peach's bloom when summer's o'er.

I'm not in love! Are you?

Very charming is Miss Brown
When she drops her eyelids down!
Round and smooth and white her chin,
And her mouth has pearls within!

In fact, 'tis true—

Very charming is Miss Brown,
And she's adored by all the town!
Her eyes are bright, no froward frown
E'er marred the face of sweet Miss Brown!

I'm not in love! Are you?

But there is one I do adore!
She's sweeter far than Paramore!
Sweeter far than Cora Baker
When the angels shake to wake her!

And 'tis true.

Sweeter far than is Miss Brown
When she drops her eyelids down.

* * * * *

Queen-like is her step! Her eye
Has all the brightness of the sky!
And her brow is—oh, so fair!
Sunlight plays amid her hair!
Lips so tender, pouting, too!
Smiles that thrill you through and through!
Ah, she sings with such an air—
Angels come to listen there!
I am in love! 'Tis true!

St. Louis, Mo., June, 1884.



ECHOES FROM AN OLD KEY-BUGLE.

“**F**ULL twenty years have flown since
then!”
Why, comrade, surely no;
It cannot be! Yet time glides past
Swift as the river’s flow,
And he whose bugle-call we praised
Has many years been dead;
No more we’ll hear “tattoo” resound
From lips of “Putty Ned.”

Where Erie bounds in mad career,
 Above Niagara's fall,
Was heard full oft by list'ning ear
 A well-known bugle-call;
Full oft where Captain Bidwell's boys
 Their hardy camp-life led,
Was felt the charm that music lends,
 In strains from "Putty Ned."

And men who camped with "Company D,"
 And Fletcher's troop would tell
How cheering was the bugle sound,
 That sweetly rose and fell;
No other music had a charm,
 When cares of camp had fled
Like those pure airs sent proudly forth
 By stalwart "Putty Ned."

A bugle, not of silver made
 Nor burnished bright and fine,
But, oh, its notes were heard with joy
 Along the steady line;
And then, at night, beneath the stars,
 In silence deep, profound,
That old key--bugle charmed the camp
 With magic of its sound.

Yes, twenty years have flown since then,
 And music with its power

Has held us rapt in many a spell,
Bewitching many an hour;
But when the heart is thrilled the most,
We rest the drooping head
To hear the faintest bugle-tones
From far-off "Putty Ned."

And many times since then I've thought,
When stirred by mem'ry's sounds,
If soldiers form the night bivouac
In heaven's camping-grounds,
How quick, should that old bugle there
Sound forth all full and free,
Would Fletcher's troopers, friendly still,
"Fall in" with "Company D"!



THE MAN WITH THE SHOVEL.

THE man with the shovel is in review—
Ah, he is a hero I say,
For he stands the boldest I tell what's
true—
You can find in the streets today.
The shovel flies fast as the snowflakes there
And a path is made for the feet of the fair.

The man with the shovel! Ah, see him there,
Strong of muscle and stout of frame;
His thoughtful face has a look of care,
And none may know from whence he came,
He throws the snow where the strong winds
meet
And a path is made for the children's feet.

The man with the shovel! He braves the blast,
Blinding snow and threatening sky;
With hurrying winds his hands move fast—
He bravely works where drifts are high,
And a path he makes with timely care
For the slowing feet of an aged pair.

The man with the shovel! Ah, where does he
dwell?—
Down in the city's humble part;
And what's his name? I cannot tell,
I only know he's stout of heart,
And where the snow drifts block the street
He clears a path for the people's feet.

Buffalo, March 2, 1900.



ENGLAND WEARS THE GREEN.

THOUGH dark are our sorrows, today
 we'll forget them,
And smile through our tears, like a
 sunbeam in showers;
There never were hearts, if our rulers
 would let them,
More form'd to be grateful and bless'd than
 ours.

—Thomas Moore, Prince's Day.

'Tis Valor's triumph over ills,
That have been felt through many years,
Which makes South Africa's distant hills
 The sepulcher of Erin's tears.
Yes, in the battle's front and high
 On hills where footholds are not seen,
That, battling for the Queen, they die—
 Those Irishmen who wear the green.

Ah, brave were they in years gone by,
 When, battle-pressed, they saved the day

By making charging squadrons fly
And conquering in the mortal fray,
But never have they shone so bright
In martial spirit, shine or sheen,
As now, and when in mad delight
All England wears the Irish green!

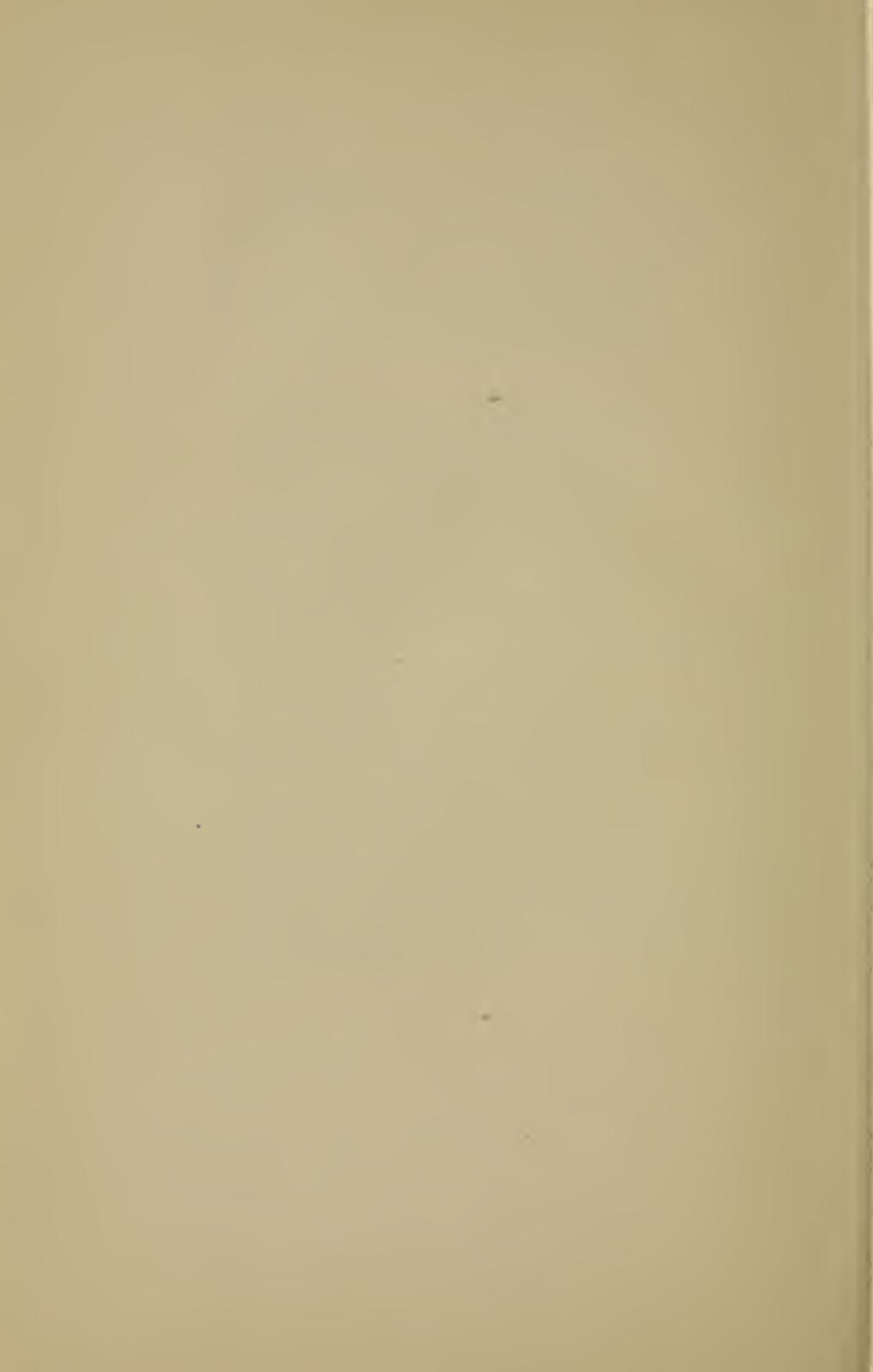
The past is but a troubled dream,
The present shines in glorious light;
See Erin's flag, its emerald gleam
Shines brightly from the darksome night,
Hail, beacon of a brighter time,
In darkness held and held too long,
Go tell the brave in every clime,
There comes a day that ends a wrong!

How grand the songs of Erin rise
To greet the ears of stalwart sons,
When valiant nations, in surprise,
Have heard reports of Irish guns.
And up from every mountain crag
Are shouts where valleys intervene—
For England flies old Erin's flag!
And England wears the Irish green!

Buffalo, March 18, 1900.







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